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Children's Newspaper, May 21, 1927

The Country with a Wondrous Future. See My Magazine for June

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 426 Week Ending MAY 21, 1927 EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE Postage Anywhere One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

THE MYSTERY OF A BOX OF SNAKES See Page Seven

A THING WE DO NOT BELIEVE

TALE FROM A TOMBSTONE

Man Who is Said to Have Been at Shakespeare's Funeral

WHY HE WAS NOT

An extraordinary story has been told which, if true, would greatly alter our idea of the fame of Shakespeare in the days immediately following his death.

In an old Masonic graveyard at Fredericksburg, Virginia, there has been discovered a tombstone inscribed in Old English lettering and telling an incredible tale. The stone lay beneath a tangle of weeds and creepers and has one of its corners missing, but there, for all to see, was this legend:

Here lies the Body of Edward Heldon, Practitioner in Physics and Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporary with and one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare of the Avon. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618, aged 76.

Not Among Shakespeare's Fellows

History knows nothing of Edward Heldon. There is no such name in the circle of friends in whose company we find Shakespeare moving. There is no Heldon among the entries in the Dictionary of National Biography.

As a matter of fact, there were no pall-bearers at Shakespeare's funeral, for there was no ceremonial funeral at all. Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, and was quietly buried two days later.

But, looking at the dates on the tombstone, we see that Edward Heldon is said to have died in 1618, so that he must have been 74 years old when Shakespeare was buried. But at this time Virginia, founded in 1607, was a colony only eleven years old, with Jamestown as its capital. Fredericksburg and its Masonic cemetery could hardly have been in existence in 1618.

A Hoax or a Bungle

Even had it then existed, no one there would have thought it worth while to mention Shakespeare as giving the dead doctor a link with fame. Shakespeare was still little known at that time, and much less esteemed than many of his contemporaries. The First Folio did not appear until 1623. For a century after his death Shakespeare was comparatively neglected.

This tombstone must have been either a hoax or a bungle, now for the first time exposed. We may be certain that Edward Heldon was not at Shakespeare's funeral. It is hard to believe that at 74 a man would venture out to what was then a wild and savage land, where even the redoubtable Captain John Smith owed his life to the tender mercy of a Red Indian maid, the charming Princess Pocahontas.

The Flying Red Man



In the United States recently two Sioux Indians flew to Washington, wearing their feather headdresses and native costumes. This picture shows them seated in front of the aeroplane after its arrival in Washington

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FLOWER-GIRL

Two little tales of the streets come to us with the spring flowers, one from Birmingham and one from London.

One is of a little girl who had been in Hyde Park with her governess and had picked some daisies, which she was taking home for the nursery. Along the Bayswater Road she dropped her tiny bunch of flowers and quickly stooped to pick them up, though they were very faded and broken.

Sitting by her basket was a flower-seller, who, seeing the child's fondness for flowers, picked two of the best roses from her basket and insisted on giving them to the child.

This is the story from Birmingham. The Sun had been shining all day. Up and down a street in that city many had turned aside to buy flowers from the women whose overflowing baskets made a gay border all along the street. It had been a fine day for selling flowers.

But it was not so for boot-laces and collar-studs. The old man who had shuffled his feet wearily in the gutter since early morning carried his tray as full of laces and studs as when he began. The world did not seem to want laces or studs when the Sun came out, and the old man looked depressed and sad.

When the Sun was going down, casting long shadows across the street, the flower-seller near him put the few remaining flowers into her basket and made ready to go. As she did so she caught sight of the old man's tray. "Poor soul," she said in her rough way, "you haven't sold a thing all day; here's something to take home with you." She pressed her last flowers into his hand, and he ran his fingers over them, bent his head till it nearly touched the flowers, and gave a queer little laugh. "Ah, daffodils!" he said. He was blind.

104

Rejected for the Civil War

Over 60 years ago a Boston man tried to enlist in the Northern Army but was rejected as unfit.

He has just died at 104, unfit for war but evidently very fit for peace!

THE TERRIBLE ROAD AND THE SAFE RAILWAY

A GREAT CHANGE-ABOUT

Why Not Open the Railways and Fence in the Roads?

HOOTING HORNS DROWNING SONGS OF BIRDS

Once upon a time the Railway came to frighten our great-grandfathers, and was fenced in as a dangerous place. Now it is the safest place in the country, and it is the Road that cries out loudly for protection.

One of the safest places in the land is a railway carriage. Last year the railways carried the population of the country nearly fifty times over and only four passengers were killed. In the streets no fewer than 4300 were killed and 121,000 injured, and the casualty list grows steadily.

The Whirligig of Time

People certainly walk the streets more often than they step into the train, though last year 1500 million railway journeys were taken; but they seem now to be stepping out of the risks and turmoil of street traffic into the safety and peace and comfort of the railway carriage.

What a change that marks since the railways, with their iron rails and roaring, puffing monsters, were first seen in England! Then they aroused such tremors and such dislike among many that they were carefully shut in, partly to keep the coaly steam giants from getting out, and partly to prevent people, or even cows, from straying into their destroying path.

But now, when the harassed pedestrian steps fearfully into the road from the kerb, looking this way and that to see that no motor-lorry, or tradesman's cart, or motor-bus, or a careless car is bearing down on him, he must sometimes wonder whether it would not be a good thing to take the fences from the railways and put them along the roads throughout the country.

How to See the Country

Safety First is no longer to be sought in the street. Peace and quietness have gone from the road; where the hedges, if they have not been removed to make more room for the motors, are whitened with their dust, and where the hooting horns drown the songs of the birds in wayside trees.

But from a railway carriage window the countryside may still look the abode of peace, and if by chance the train should stop in one of the deep cuttings the smell of the country, the bird songs, and even the scent of the flowers will steal in through the open window. It does not need a great stretch of imagination to believe that the railways will in time become rest-houses, while the roaring roadways will be fenced in to warn off the unwary.

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LATE NEWS FROM JUTLAND

WHAT THE SPITFIRE DID THERE

The Little Destroyer and the Three Great Dreadnoughts

RAMMING THE RAMMER

It has all been told very late, but it is now properly told for the first time, and in all the great sea history of Britain there have been few finer exploits than that of the destroyer Spitfire on the night of the Battle of Jutland.

We have had to wait for the publication of the official German despatches to learn just how fine it was, for the modest commander of the Spitfire did not tell us, and for a very good reason: he was quite unconscious of the wonderful thing he had done. He had just tackled the duty in hand, and for him that was all there was about it.

A German Tribute

The Spitfire was one of a flotilla of destroyers, led by the Tipperary and the Broke, forming part of the cordon which the German Fleet must break to get back to port. Suddenly six battleships and cruisers loomed up in the night, and the flotilla attacked with torpedoes. The Germans concentrated a terrible fire on the Tipperary, and she was soon blazing fore and aft. The Spitfire sank the cruiser Rostock with a torpedo amidships, and then went to the Tipperary's aid, trying to divert the fire.

This is how the German writer describes what followed:

The Tipperary defended herself with admirable pluck. Wreathed in flames from burning oil, riven by bursting shell and exploding ammunition, her guns continued firing until the last man was killed.

It was now that the Spitfire approached us again and, in an endeavour to shield the Tipperary, fired at the searchlights of our ships. Shell after shell from her guns crashed into the funnels and searchlight positions of Westfalen, Nassau, and Rhineland (all Dreadnought battleships). The searchlights were put out of action, and the shells caused many casualties.

Spitfire Gets Home

Then the mighty Nassau, determined to end it, wheeled and charged right at the little Spitfire, meaning to ram her amidships. But the Spitfire was ready for her. She made no attempt to escape, but went for her huge antagonist. "I put my helm hard a-port," her commander quietly reports, "and the two ships rammed each other, port bow to port bow."

The collision drove in the Spitfire's bows but she remained afloat, and the Nassau let fire at point-blank range. But the Nassau herself had a hole ten feet wide in her bows, which made her heel over ten degrees. This saved her small antagonist, for the volley aimed at her hull merely swept away her bridge and forward funnel. Water poured into the German vessel, her speed dropped to 15 knots, and she could no longer keep her station in the line. A gun and its carriage had been torn right out of its battery, and a big piece of her side plating fell on the Spitfire's deck.

A Wonderful Record

Somehow the Spitfire limped home, with the side plating as a trophy. By all the rules she should have been at the bottom of the sea, where the Tipperary lay with 187 officers and men. Thanks to the blinding of the German guns, the Tipperary was the only loss at that stage, though three others were sunk later in a further encounter. The Broke had 83 casualties. The Spitfire lost only six killed and 19 wounded.

Yet she had sunk a cruiser and fought three Dreadnoughts, each twenty times her own size, putting out their searchlights and inflicting over fifty casualties; and had rammed a Dreadnought.

We have left the name of her gallant commander to the last. He was Commander C. W. E. Trelawny, D.S.O., now a captain on the retired list, and his officers were Lieutenent A. P. Bush, Sub-Lieutenant Eric T. Wiggins, Surgeon-Probationer Douglas Bell, Chief Engine-Room-Artificer James H. Fenton, and Torpedo-Gunner Philip White. The supreme honour belongs to Captain Trelawny, but, as he would be the first to proclaim, he could have done nothing without the heroic help of every man on board his ship. The C.N. salutes them all in the name of the youth of England.

A CAPITAL WHERE THE SHEEP RAN

CANBERRA BEGINS

The Duke's Fine Speech at the Opening of Parliament House

DREAMS OF BETTER THINGS

The Duke of York has opened the Parliament House of Australia in the new capital.

On a grave not far from the centre of this new capital now rising are the words: "For here we have no abiding city, but we seek one to come." The woman who sleeps in the grave died when Canberra was a sheep run; today it is beginning to take shape as the capital of a continent, and the Parliament House is actually in being.

It is not a beautiful House; we think that architecturally it is almost a tragedy; but, at any rate, the Duke has started its life with a fine speech. We give some extracts from it here.

Today marks the end of one epoch and the beginning of another, and one's thoughts turn instinctively to what the future may have in store. Life would hardly be worth living without its dreams of better things, and the life of a nation without such dreams of a better and larger future would be poor indeed.

Standing and looking out over the beautiful site chosen for your Federal capital, I think of those great men who worked for a federated Australia. We are building on the foundations they laid.

I think we should all have in our hearts one other vision. On Anzac Day we commemorated those gallant men and women who laid down their lives in the war. Though they have passed into the greater beyond they are still speaking to those who choose to listen, and if Australia listens to the voices of that noble army of dead, and if the great army of those living and those yet unborn is determined to march in step with them toward the ideals for which they died, then a glorious destiny for this country will be assured.

How much has happened in the quarter of a century since the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament: what changes in the world, what a revolution in human life and thought, what marvellous progress in means of communication and locomotion! For Australia and the whole Empire it has been a period of extraordinary evolution and development. It has been a testing time, when under the stress of the greatest war in history the Empire has found a new meaning and a new strength.

Quickened by all these influences without and within, the British Empire has advanced to a new conception of harmony and freedom, to the idea of a system of British Nations each freely ordering its own individual life.

Australia has now turned over a new page in its history, and we all hope, with the Duke of York, that it will be a page glorious for Australia and for the Empire.

A BISHOP ROUND THE WORLD

Two Great Impressions

The Bishop of London, just home from a world tour of over forty thousand miles, says two things have greatly impressed him.

One was the extraordinary influence of the British Empire and the tremendous prestige we have in all parts; "colossal in America." The other thing that impressed him is that Christianity is clearly the only religion that has the slightest hope of effective power in the world.

Continued from the previous column

LITTLE HIPPO

WHY DADDIE IS KEPT AWAY FROM HIM

Story of One of the Zoo's Most Famous Babies

BOB AND DIANA

The baby hippo is becoming the most popular of the Zoo's babies, for, unlike many young animals in London's great menagerie, he is prepared to be friends with everyone.

Although he was born last August, Jimmie has been kept in the background until lately because Joan, his mother, has an uncertain temper, and it was thought advisable to keep visitors away. This precaution was a wise one, but now Joan, a model parent, is delighted to show off her baby.

How to Make Friends

When the weather is fine the two hippos swim round the outdoor pond (Jimmie has been able to swim since he was a few hours old), and when the keeper calls them they come out of the water to be petted. But on cold days those who want to have a good view of Jimmie should ask the keeper to take them to the back of the indoor cage, for he can open a little door there which is too small for Joan to get through but just large enough for Jimmie. The baby will not leave his mother, and is not encouraged to do so, for she might turn on him when he returned to her; but when the two animals come to the open door the keeper keeps Joan occupied while Jimmie invites his human friends to pet him. The way to pet a hippopotamus is to stroke the roof of his mouth, but as Jimmie has not yet learned not to close his mouth suddenly this must be done carefully.

A Disunited Family

As the baby has now cut most of his milk teeth he is beginning to eat chopped cabbage, and will soon be old enough to leave his mother, but as there is no other pond suitable for him Jimmie will not be separated from her for some time. Bob, the father, has not met his son, although he has seen him from a distance and has made so many attempts to break into the cage that the old wooden partition between the dens has had to be taken down and an iron one put up. It is doubtful if Bob would hurt his offspring, but as Joan has always bullied her husband she might pick a quarrel if he were allowed to join the family circle, and Jimmie would probably suffer if the two became angry. As this is the first baby hippo to be born and reared in the Gardens for nearly fifty years, and he is a fine, healthy animal, the risk of a quarrel between the parents is too great.

In the Wrong Cage

So, as Bob cannot live with them, he walks up to the barrier between his cage and theirs several times a day and calls to them, and immediately the voice of Joan is heard replying to him. A few minutes later Jimmie usually joins in the conversation.

Bob's last attempt to join his family was nearly disastrous, for early one morning he broke into the wrong cage and found himself looking into the angry and frightened eyes of Diana, the pygmy hippo. He was about to challenge her to fight when the keeper arrived and drove him out. Had the keeper arrived a few minutes later there would have been a long and terrible fight, and Diana, one of the most valuable animals at the Zoo, might have been killed.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Apocalypse	A-**pok**-a-lips
Arkansas	**Ar**-kan-saw
Chubut	Shoo-**boot**
Gudea	Goo-**day**-ah
Lambayeque	Lahm-ba-**yay**-kay
Uncompahgre	Un-kom-**pah**-gre
Yenisei	Yen-e-**say**-e

LOST IN THE DESERT

PLIGHT OF A BRITISH EXPLORER

Day After Day with the Camels Dying of Thirst

SAVED BY A GUIDE

As we announced on our World Map last week, a young British officer has just returned to England after a thrilling journey in the desert. He is Captain Donald Cameron of the Royal Scots Nigeria Regiment.

In October, 1926, he was granted leave, and decided to spend it in a trip across the Sahara from Northern Nigeria to Algiers. He did not arrive till April 12, 1927, and the pleasure trip nearly proved a journey to death.

At first all went well, but he came to a part of the journey where the wells were six days apart. He took a six-days water supply for himself and his six native servants and they set off, but at the end of six days there was no well.

Losing Hope

The guide had lost his way, and after the party had wandered up and down for some time on the chance of rediscovering it there seemed no hope.

They had still a little water left, and Captain Cameron doled it out in a tiny mug. There was none for cooking, so the native food supply, which required cooking, was useless, and Captain Cameron had to share his bully beef and biscuits with the natives. Soon they would be without food as well as water.

Everyone was growing weak from hunger and thirst. Captain Cameron had called the party to a halt and sent the guide on ahead with the best camel in the faint hope that he might find some tracks in the waste of mud and rock.

Precious Water

Day after day crawled by in misery. Five out of eleven camels died. Then a man died. It was very cold, or the death roll would have been greater.

Then at last they saw a camel coming to them across the desert. It was the guide, and they hardly dared to think he had good news. But he had something better—he had water. The guide had saved the party.

The richest man in the world will never be able to buy anything more precious than that water. It was life.

The guide had stumbled on the well by accident. It would be hard to blame a man for losing his way in the desert where so many lost travellers have perished before him, and the feeling of the little party was one of gratitude that fate had let them off so lightly.

THINGS SAID

The British farmer is a very alert person. *Sir John Russell*

It is high time we cleared Drink out of English life. *Mr. Tom Sykes*

The Journalist is in most cases an honourable gentleman. *Archdeacon of Norwich*

Hope is as necessary for our thinking life as air is for our bodies. *British Weekly*

I am told I am old-fashioned because I hate the sight of motor-cars. *Mr. Harold Morris, K.C.*

I have often thought it a reproach to Nonconformity that so many chapels are closed all day. *Sir Kingsley Wood*

The man who will not learn to cherish the countryside as carefully as his own garden must be taught. *Manchester Guardian*

The Englishman is deeply moved by Home, Sweet Home, but never so deeply as when he is somewhere in Asia. *Mr. Robert Lynd*

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CARRYING A RIVER THROUGH THE ANDES

PERU'S REMARKABLE SCHEME

Atlantic Waters to Fertilise Pacific Slopes

LIGHT AND POWER FOR DESERT LANDS

One of the most dramatic feats of irrigation of modern times is about to be carried out in South America, where an arm of the Amazon River, whose waters flow into the Atlantic, is to be carried under the Andes to bring life and power to desert lands on the Pacific slopes.

Mountains have been tunnelled for irrigation purposes before. In the United States the rushing Gunnison River is carried six miles through the Colorado Mountains to water the dry but fertile Uncompahgre Valley, but this new scheme, which is to be carried out in Peru, is far more ambitious than that

Endless Possibilities

To pierce the mighty Andes, which tower for four or five miles into the clouds, and divert an Atlantic river to water Pacific lands is an idea that had not before occurred even to the most romantic imagination. Yet it is now to become an accomplished fact, and its success will open up endless possibilities to dry lands that have hitherto been shut off from life-giving waters by mountain barriers.

On the western side of the Andes in Peru is a large area known as the Department of Lambayeque, which contains 335,000 acres of fertile but parched land. On the other side of the mountains flows the Huancabamba River, an affluent of the Amazon, whose waters go to swell the torrent of that mighty river and run away eventually into the Atlantic Ocean. It is these tributary waters which are to be arrested and made to flow the other way.

Rich Virgin Soil

A tunnel will be driven under the main Cordillera of the Andes, and the Huancabamba will be directed through the tunnel, its waters merging with those of four small rivers on the western side of the Andes. The whole will then be conducted over the rich virgin soil of the plains of Lambayeque.

This vast project is to cost only £5,000,000, and the water will not only irrigate 335,000 acres of land, 168,000 of which have not hitherto been cultivated at all, but will be used to give a constant supply of pure water to three towns and many villages. A power scheme will also be installed to supply electric light, telephones, and power to factories over a wide area.

What Would Cortes Have Thought?

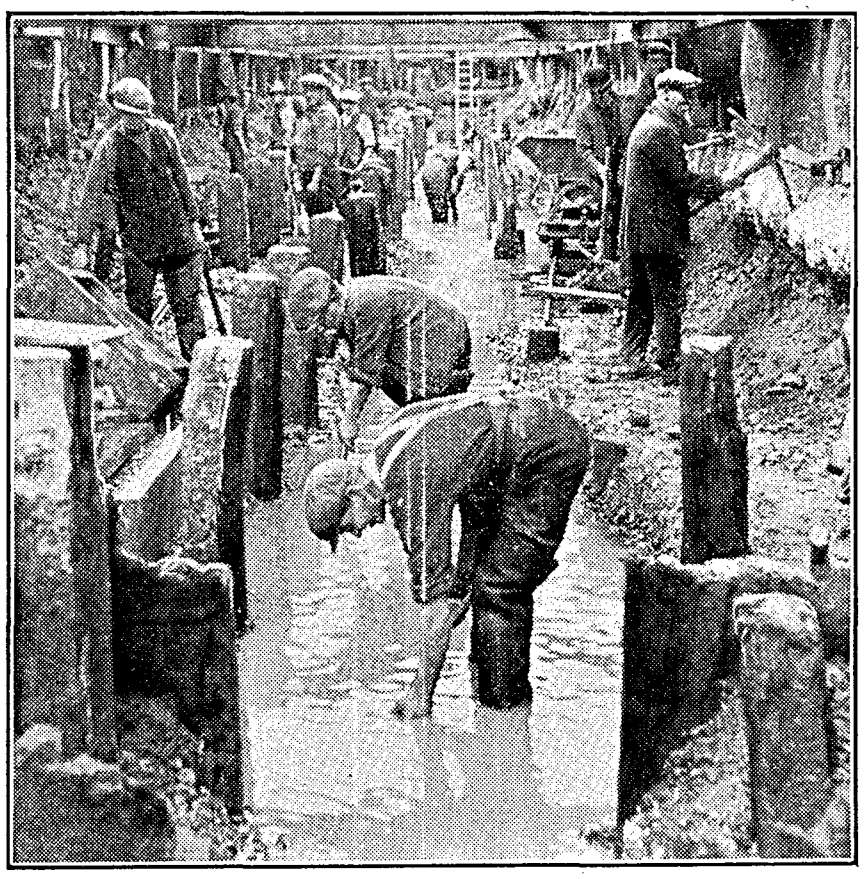
It is the biggest irrigation scheme yet attempted in South America, and there is no doubt about its success. Another irrigation project which Peru undertook some years ago paid for itself in two years, opening up a district where a motor-car was a rare sight, and where now a constant stream of motor traffic passes to and fro on roads built from the revenue of the irrigation scheme.

What would Cortes have thought in the 16th century if he could have known that in the 20th century the waters which for ages had flowed toward the Atlantic would be arrested, turned the other way, and made to flow through the Andes toward the Pacific?

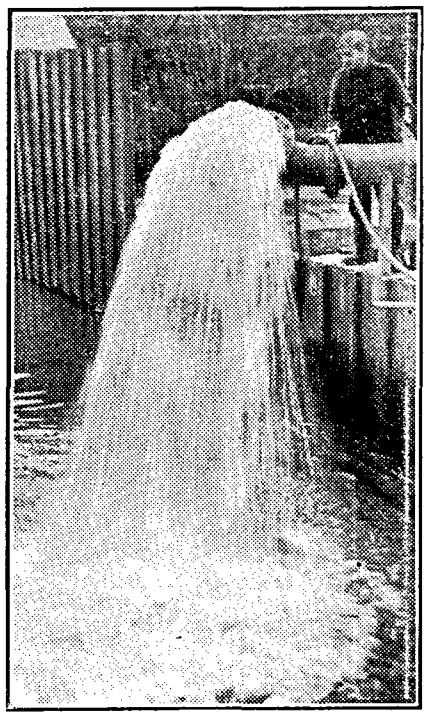
Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Hours of sun	170	Stornoway	6·45 ins.
Total rainfall	1·69 ins.	Tynemouth	1·77 ins.
Wet days	11	Southampton	1·65 ins.
Dry days	19	Valencia	1·37 ins.
Warmest day	21st	Edinburgh	1·06 ins.
Coldest day	7th	Liverpool	0·78 ins.

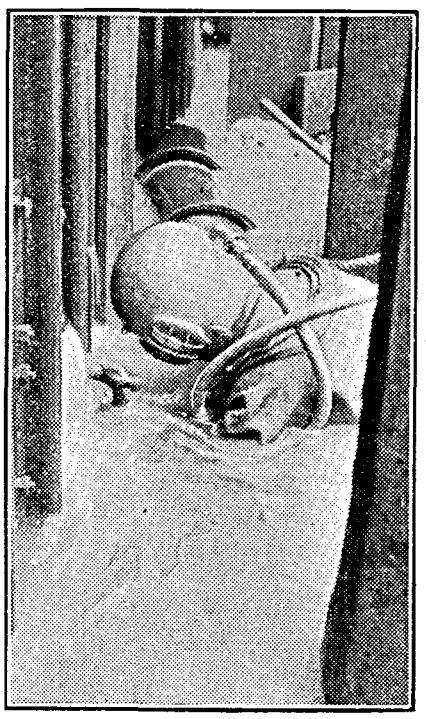
THE THAMES CLOSED FOR REPAIRS



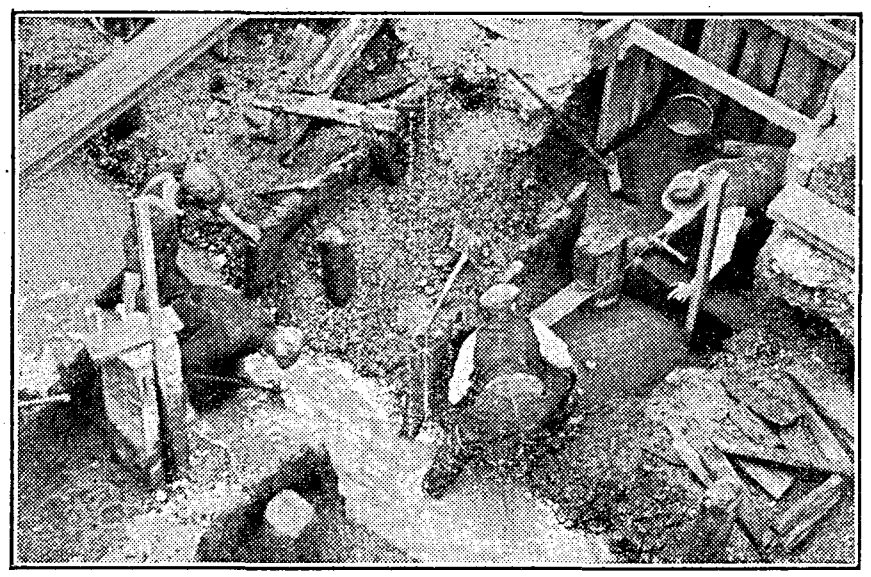
Men at work deepening a lock



Pumping out water which had leaked through the barricades



A diver keeping the inlet of the pump clear



Cutting away the old timber foundations

Part of the Thames was recently closed for repairs when the Hurley and Maidenhead locks were rebuilt and enlarged. The old oak foundations, which were removed, had been in position since the locks were first built, a hundred years ago

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE

REVIVING THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

A Deathless Poet Who Sang the Triumphs of the Athlete

GAMES OF LONG AGO

As we all know, the team of British athletes who recently visited Athens won a notable majority of the contests in which they engaged with the chosen champions of that fair, unfortunate land. The losers were delighted with our young men, cheered and lionised them, and gave them crowns of wild olive leaves, gathered on historic fields.

The Greeks have fallen far from their ancient pre-eminence in athletics, as in greater issues. The one-time mistress of the world is now a minor Power. She gave learning to all humanity capable of receiving it, and now we have to teach her the art of national defence and instruct her, by example, how to govern her civil life. She had the greatest thinkers, scholars, poets, artists, sculptors, that mankind has ever produced, and today needs teachers. She created the gymnasium; she invented organised athletic sports, and her runners, her jumpers, her wrestlers, and her charioteers were superb athletes.

Wreaths of Wild Olive

Today we beat her even in these pursuits, and she, remembering the past, gives her welcome conquerors prizes such as her old-time wonder-men strove for—wreaths of wild olive—in exchange for a beating and a lesson.

It was charmingly done. If only the late encounter, or that to which this happy one will lead, should call into being another genius such as Greek athletes in their heyday summoned to inspired activity—another Pindar!

That is past hoping for; the Homers, the Sapphos, the Pindars, the Shakespeares, come not again. Let us not forget, then, when we see our athletes in their running shorts that we owe to the track and the stadium our knowledge of one of the most gifted poets that humanity has ever produced.

Odes to the Victors

In thinking over the best pieces of Pindar, says Professor Gilbert Murray, the majestic organ-playing, the grave, strong magic of language, the lightning flashes of half-revealed mystery, one wonders why this man is not counted the greatest poet who ever lived.

Now, although Pindar was the only Greek lyric poet of whose works any considerable portion remains, the surviving pieces are nearly all odes to the victors in athletic contests. He sang the triumphs of the athletes and their cities, immortalising otherwise unknown men and himself by the same labour. Only fragments of the rest of his writings survive; but we have many of his splendid odes based on the deeds of performers on the track and course, and we judge him by these.

Incomparable Poems

If those old-time champions had not run and raced and wrestled the world would have lost some of its most exquisite statuary and, in addition, these incomparable poems of Pindar, which will outlast all the bronze and ivory and marble in which his fellow-geniuses in other arts commemorated sport and its heroes.

Pindar lived and died 24 centuries ago, but the history of the Olympic Games extended over 1200 years, and we actually have the records for 993 years of these sports, of which the recent contests in Greece represent the modern revival. The wild olive crowned the competitors of whom Pindar sang; it crowns the young Britons who triumph in Athens today.

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CAR SURPRISES

Stolen by Accident and Found by Cleverness

TWO REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

Two motorists have had an extraordinary adventure. One stole a car by accident; one found his car by clever thinking.

Mr. Thomas Bench, who is captain of the Fulwell Golf Club, was on a visit to Cliftonville with Mr. Jack Weston, the organiser of the boys' golf championship, and his wife. One day Mr. Bench drove Mrs. Weston to a shop and he himself went into the post office. When he came out he saw Mrs. Weston in a car, so he got in beside her and drove it back to the hotel. He afterwards took it to a garage, and the manager said to him "This is not your car, sir!"

The Lost Car Found

Mr. Bench looked again, and saw that it was not. He hastened back to where he had been, and some people there claimed the car. It had disappeared while they shopped, and they had informed the police that it was stolen. Meanwhile Mr. Bench's own car was a few doors off, deserted by everyone.

Unhappily Mrs. Weston was not a Girl Guide and Mr. Bench was not a Boy Scout, or probably the mistake would never have happened.

Mr. A. J. Clark was much more observant than Mr. Bench. He parked his car in Henrietta Street, London, and returned to find it gone. Then he took a taxi to Piccadilly Circus and waited there, simply on the chance of seeing the stolen car go by. He did see it, and, luckily for him, it was held up by a traffic block. When Mr. Clark approached the driver he said that a strange man had given him half-a-crown to drive it to Villiers Street, but the police officer who arrived in the middle of the explanation did not seem to be greatly impressed by the story.

A MOTHER TO HER CHILD

Princess Juliana

This beautiful and tender little speech was made by the Queen of Holland at the banquet to her daughter, Crown Princess Juliana, who has just come of age.

If I think of the fine and full life, with its great responsibilities, which awaits you, in which you will have to learn the art of feeling really happy in whatever circumstances you may be placed, my thoughts spontaneously go back to your early years, in which we could already mark your desire to feel yourself united with and to sympathise with others. May you make yourself worthy of the confidence of your contemporaries, and, above all, of our dear people, to the happiness and welfare of whom you will one day be called to devote your best talents and powers.

We know, darling child, that you would not attempt all that in your strength alone. It is for that reason that we lay you and your entire future, with humility and emotion in our hearts, but with great joy and confidence, in that Paternal hand that has hitherto so graciously kept your young life.

ONE MORE KIND THING DONE

A kindly regulation has been issued by the Mayor of Dijon forbidding games of chance in country fairs at which rabbits and poultry are offered as prizes.

The kind-hearted mayor had often been grieved to notice that the poor animals and birds were generally confined in cages much too small, with no protection from the sun and rain, and without water. He was also sorry to notice that they were frequently ill-treated by the prize-winners.

A VILLAGE BOY BACK HOME

Joseph Wright and His Great Work

Thackley Council School, near Bradford, has just acquired a portrait of a man who has done honour to Thackley and whom Thackley delights to honour.

He is an old boy of Thackley Village who taught himself to read and write when he was fifteen, with the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress as reading books. That was when he worked in the mill at Saltaire. He was born in a one-roomed cottage, and went from there to the workhouse when his father died, but at six he was working at a quarry.

This boy became one of the most learned men of Oxford, with a string of degrees to his name, and he retired two years ago in his seventieth year. He is Dr. Joseph Wright, Professor of Philology, and author of the standard dialect dictionary for England, which took him ten years to compile.

It was by teaching others at twopence a week after he had taught himself Latin, Greek, French, and German that he saved enough money to go to Germany to study the growth of languages. He had 14 weeks at Heidelberg for £40, and later returned for six years, all at his own expense.

LOST FOR 300 YEARS

And Found Again

When a thing has been lost for a year most people give up hope of seeing it again. Who would go on searching for anything for 300 years? Who but antiquaries of Exeter?

In 1327 Bishop Grandisson was raised to the see of Exeter, and left behind not only a fragrant memory but a famous book, divided into three parts and referred to as Grandisson's Trilogy by proud deans and chapters for centuries. But after the author had been dead 300 years the third part disappeared.

There was quite as big a to-do as when the jackdaw of Rheims stole the Cardinal's ring, but the missing book did not appear.

Another three centuries have gone, and now an extraordinary thing has happened. The lost volume has turned up in a London sale catalogue, and it has cost the dean and chapter £250 to buy it back.

A NEW NILE DAM

Eight Hundred Thousand Tons of Masonry

The British firm of Sir John Jackson has succeeded in submitting the lowest tender for the building of the new Nile dam at Nag Hamadi in competition with German, Italian, French, and American companies.

The dam will cost a little over two million pounds. It will be 3000 feet long and 300 feet wide at the base, and will take three years to build. There will be 800,000 tons of masonry and cement, besides steel piles and 80 steel sluice gates. *See World Map*

THE EGGS LAID BY THE GOLDEN HEN

There is a hen in British Columbia which has won two world records.

In the first place, as we know, she laid 351 eggs in 365 days; and in the second place she was valued at £200. That sum was offered for her, but as her owner puts her value far higher she has not been sold.

And the thousand-dollar hen is so modest about it all that you would never guess from her expression that she was worth more than a few shillings.

LIFE MADE POSSIBLE

A Dumb Boy's Story

A FRIEND CALLS AT THE MIDDLESEX

One of the happiest men in the world must be the surgeon at Middlesex Hospital who received a letter from a sailor the other day reminding him of an operation performed 30 years ago.

There was brought to him then a boy of 11 who had never been able to move his lower jaw. Of course he could not talk or masticate, and he had little prospect of being anything but an object of charity.

The surgeon decided to operate, and was entirely successful. The boy grew up a normal being and became a merchant seaman, and he never forgot to be grateful or lost his wish to repay the hospital. The other day he arrived at the Middlesex and asked for the surgeon; they told the caller he was away. Deeply disappointed, the sailor turned to go, but not before he had handed in £20, a sum which, he said, was only small in comparison with his debt, though it had taken him a long time to save it. Then he went home and wrote to the surgeon, reminding him of the operation, and saying *I want to thank you for making my life possible, for without your skill and aid my life would have been hardly worth living.*

Whatever disappointments this surgeon may have had in his own life here was compensation for them all. He made a man's life worth living, so his own life was worth living.

A KING IN BUSINESS

Or a Throne in Albania?

To earn the title of the world's greatest contractor is certainly a big achievement for any man.

That was the name given twenty years ago to Lord Cowdray, who has just died at 70. He earned it as an engineer and by his genius for organisation.

He was a man of earnest mind and high character, who regarded the great fortune he made as a trust for the advancement of good causes. He had great determination, and again and again, in enterprises all over the world, he snatched victory from defeat by the power of sheer doggedness.

He made the Blackwall Tunnel under the Thames and a railway tunnel under the East River at New York; a railway from Atlantic to Pacific in Mexico; and docks and harbours at Liverpool, Dover, Cardiff, and Hull. He broke the monopoly of the Standard Oil Trust by risking his whole fortune in Mexican oilfields, and it was he who, with another firm, began the development of the East Kent coalfield.

It was one of his rules, characteristic of his whole outlook, never to give a workman a dangerous task unless he had done a similar task himself.

It is said that before the war Lord Cowdray, who was then Sir Weetman Pearson, was offered the throne of Albania. He chose to be a king in business rather than a king in Albania.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by E. Degas	£7560
Painting by Honoré Daumier	£7350
Painting by John S. Sargent	£3780
Painting by J. Bastien-Lepage	£2100
1st edition of Burns's Poems	£730
Vicar of Wakefield, 1st issue	£350
Drawing by Sir D. Y. Cameron	£315
Pair of Chippendale chairs	£231
Sketches by Boz, original parts	£200
Book by G. Gissing, 1st edition	£165
MS. of Tennyson's Enid	£130
Oliver Twist in original parts	£120
A Reddite crown of Charles II	£102
1st issue 8d. stamp of 1857	£51
A James II tin halfpenny	£18

WILLY LOTT'S SCRAPER

Treasure Trove of the Trees

A MEMORY OF CONSTABLE

When Constable painted in Suffolk he transfigured the rustic scene to a beauty which is imperishable as long as his canvas lasts. He gave immortality to the humble home of a farmer, so that Willy Lott's cottage near Flatford Mill becomes in its gallery more resplendent than a palace.

It is a happy token of public gratitude for this gift of beauty that the people of Suffolk, led by the generous Mr. Parkington, should have taken steps to preserve the cottage itself from decay. Time and weather had dealt hardly with the ancient tenement, and only generosity backed with skill has been able to preserve its ancient beams and its red-tiled roof.

Roots Threaten the Cottage

Meanwhile Nature, which takes no special care of cottages, and is indifferent to painters, has been adding all these hundred years some touches of her own to the picture which Constable put on his easel. She had raised three tall and beautiful elms at the edge of Flatford Mill pond, so close to the cottage that their roots threatened its foundations. Constable never saw them as they grew to their tall beauty in this century, or perhaps he would have borrowed from their beauty and put that in his picture.

We cannot have everything. Either the elms or the cottage had to go, and as the cottage was nearer to Constable than the trees they have had to be cut down. Yet even in their fall the elms have contributed something to the common fund of memory.

Buried in the roots of one of them was the iron scraper which Willy Lott, the small farmer, must have used when he had tramped home from his fields.

SOMETHING NEW

Another Rare Metal in Harness

Thorium, which has so far been used in exceedingly small quantities in the production of incandescent gas mantles, is another of the rare metals likely to come into commercial use owing to a means having been found of manufacturing it in larger quantities.

The manufacture is carried out in a novel type of furnace, consisting of a large glass bulb in which the material is heated. A glass furnace is something quite new to chemists who deal in metals.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

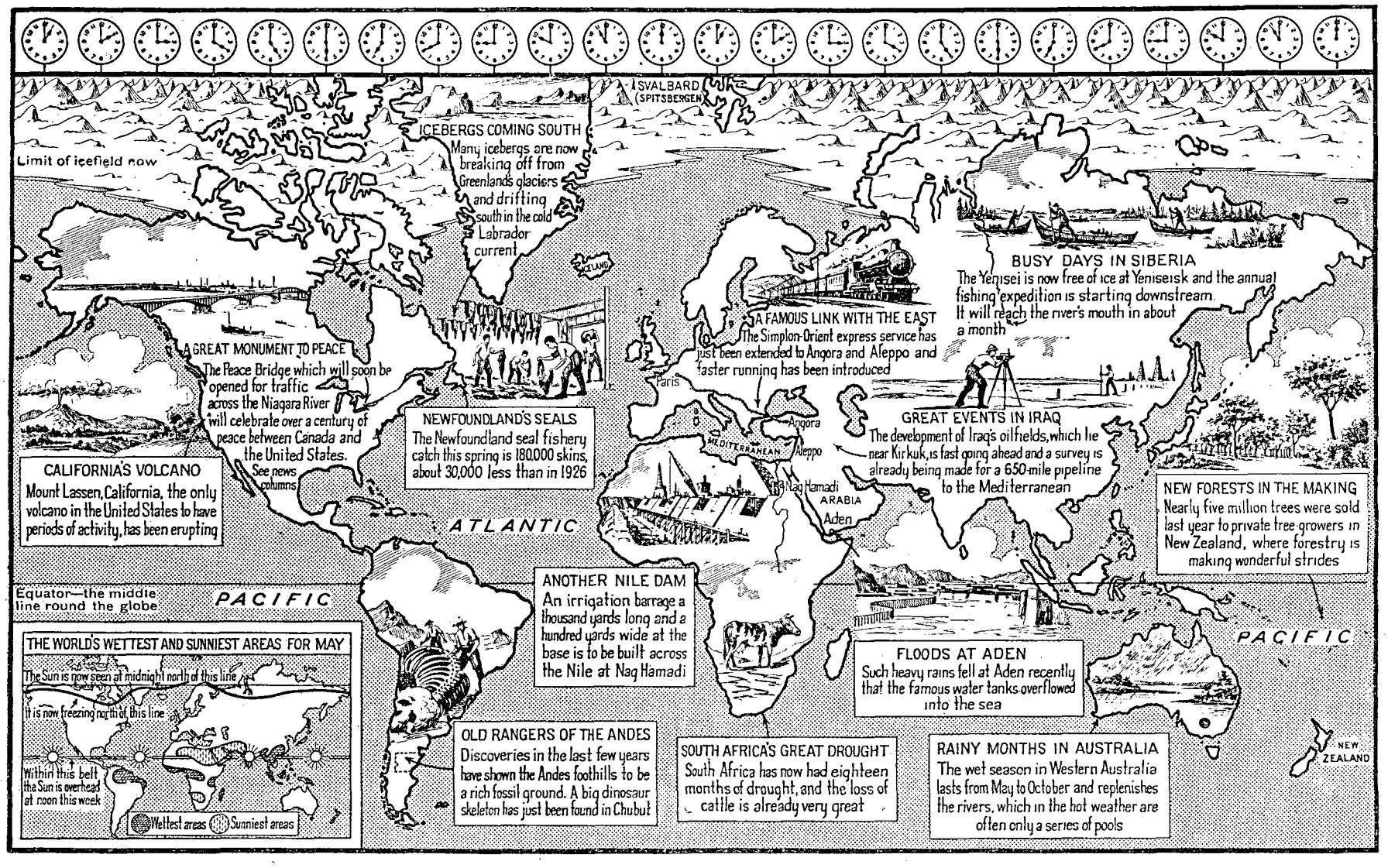
Seventh List

We give below a list of a few more contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill.

£2 2s. C.N. Reader, Stoke-on-Trent. **£1.** Miss C. Feather, Jamaica; A Friend, Wanstead; Mrs. Corelli, Winnipeg, Canada. **15s.** Vivienne and Basil Booth, Dublin. **12s. 3d.** The Misses Ash, Texas. **10s.** Four Wellwishers, Birkenhead; Miss Stockman, Bristol; Daphne Brown, Postmasburg, South Africa; Anon.; T.A.H., Sheffield. **8s. 3d.** Primary School Pupils, Cape Town. **8s. 2d.** Hugh Rankin. **6s. 6d.** G. G. G. Francis, South Croydon. **5s.** G. H. Benham, Golders Green; Elsie Frances, E. J., Richmond; Miss Goad, Plymouth; David and Jonathan, Cambridge; Mary Selway, Highams Park; E. Parkey; Agnes Ritchie, Wilkinsburg, U.S.A.; John and George Marshall, Hebden Bridge; Dennis and John, Thornton Heath; J. H. H.; Dorothy Dix, London; Anon.; Dorothy Fox, Falmouth; Misses Earnshaw and Sheard, Halifax; A. Friend; Jean and Annie Anderson, Perthshire; Marion and John Wood, Douglas. **4s.** Katharine Ramsay, Edinburgh. **3s.** Walter Heys, Burnley; Diana and Camilla Barton, Norfolk; James and Charlie Marshall, Garforth; W. W. K. **2s. 6d.** Mr. Jennings, Tottenham; Kenneth Biggar, Dalbeattie; Betty Watson, Heathfield; "Bluebell," Cornwall; M. E. L., Hampstead; E. Clark, Leeds; H. Rae, Liverpool; T. Somers-Smith, Walton-on-Thames; Harold Thurston, Stowmarket; Yvonne Zehnder, London; "Archie," Perthshire; C.N. Reader, Ossett; John Paterson, Glasgow; J. A. Montgomery, South-West Africa; S. D. F., Norwich; Reginald Lawrence, Parkstone; Miss Staunton, Bedford Park; C.N. Reader, Bletchley; A Grandmother, Worthing; Miss Lucas, Loughton; Miss Keane, Epping; Beryl Kemp, Bristol; Mrs. Luard, Falmouth. **2s.** H.R.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



KENT HAS A NEW TOWN

First Miners Moving In

The first colliery town of the new Kent coalfield is now in existence, though it does not appear on any map.

Its first inhabitants are moving in, and by the end of the year 400 houses should be completed, with a population of more than 2000. Bluebells and anemones watched the completion of the first row of houses from the shelter of a real country hedge. The colliery is out of sight.

The town is in a shallow valley, with a wide boulevard down the middle and curving streets on either side. At the foot is the railway station, on the Canterbury-Dover line. Higher up will be a market-place and shopping centre, with a fine hotel, and churches, schools, and public buildings and a bank will follow. Aylesham Wood, from which the new town takes its name, is near, and opposite it is wide, open country.

Every house has three good bedrooms and a bathroom, with hot and cold water and electric light, and the rent is about 8s. 6d. a week.

THE LOST RING

A Ploughed Field Story

A Cornwall correspondent sends us another story of a wedding-ring lost and found in a ploughed field.

His wife, in throwing away some weeds in a corner of the field, which was then in grass, accidentally threw away her wedding-ring with them. A long search followed and the grass was burned, but the ring could not be found.

Next year the field was ploughed up, and after the ploughing was over a strong impulse came to the husband to go to that particular corner. He went, and at once he saw, lying clean and bright on the top of the last furrow, as if it had only just been dropped, the lost wedding-ring.

THE BRAIN OF A RAT AND A MINNOW

News from a Water-Trough

It is amazing how the smallest creatures will adapt themselves to life under the most unpromising conditions.

One would think that live electric rails in a tunnel would be fatal to rats, but the rats in the Thames Tunnel have learned how to avoid the danger.

At least as wonderful are the minnows in the water-troughs, 400 yards long, from which L.M.S. railway engines replenish their boilers while running at full speed. One would think that the scooper ploughing the water would end the career of any minnow, but the minnows hear or feel it coming, and swim to the grating at the bottom of the trough communicating with the feed pipe, and there await in safety the passing of the train.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Soon to be Itself Again

How often during the Great War the news came that Rheims Cathedral was doomed to destruction!

For almost four years Rheims was subject to daily bombardment from the neighbouring hills, and terrible havoc was wrought in the glorious structure that had been for seven hundred years a monument to French piety and love of beauty. Always we dreaded to hear of its final collapse. Even when the war was over it seemed hopeless to look for the saving of its walls.

Yet faith and skill have achieved the apparently impossible. Much remains to be done; much that men long to do can never be done. But that has been done which it was most essential to do. The walls and roof have been made firm and strong once more.

It is a wonderful thing to have done, and all the world will rejoice with France. Now Rheims is to have a celebration of High Mass for the first time since the war.

A BRAVE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

The Energy of 96

It is to be hoped that all C.N. readers who live to be 96 will reach that age possessed of the courage and cheerfulness of Mr. William Gorton.

This gentleman, although only four years short of being a hundred, is quite active, and the other day was taking a walk down Acton High Street when he was knocked down by a motor-car. While he waited for the ambulance he amazed everyone by his pluck, making light of his pain and only seeming anxious that no one should be alarmed. When he got to the hospital he seemed to have but one fear—lest he should give the nurses any trouble by his sudden arrival.

No one could call such a youthful spirit an old gentleman, so we wish a speedy recovery and long life to this gallant young Englishman.

DYING TO LIVE

A Dog's Adventure

Care killed the cat; curiosity has nearly killed a dog.

The dog was with his master on Barry Station, and all at once he jumped down to see what a railway track was like. At the same moment the Cardiff train came steaming in.

There was no time to do anything except cry out, but the owner cried out to some purpose. He shouted "Die, Wolf!" Then the train swept in. When it went out again there lay the dog, shamming dead, and he came to life at his master's whistle.

His adventure shows us once again how wise it is to teach a dog obedience. This dog would certainly have been killed but for the fact that he "died" instantly. No one should keep a dog unless prepared to teach it to follow, to lie down, and to stop barking at the word of command.

HEAD OF THE NAVY

A New First Sea Lord

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY

There is to be a new admiral at the head of the Navy.

Sir Charles Madden, who was Chief of Staff to Lord Jellicoe when he commanded at Jutland, is to succeed Lord Beatty, who commanded the battle-cruiser squadron. The appointment is very popular. Sir Charles Madden is nine years older than his predecessor.

It is a rule that this appointment shall only be held seven years, and Lord Beatty has retained it some months longer. If he chooses, however, he can go back to active service, for he will not reach the retiring age for nine years.

The Navy is ruled by a Board of Admiralty, and the actual head of this is always a Cabinet Minister. He is called the First Lord of the Admiralty. Next to him is an admiral, called the First Sea Lord, and this is the post Sir Charles Madden is taking. The Government decides the policy of the Admiralty through the First Lord. The First Sea Lord's duties are to advise and to carry out the decisions.

If the First Lord's views were disregarded by the Government or by Parliament he would have to resign, but the First Sea Lord is not in that position. When he has given his advice his responsibility for what is done is at an end; all he has to do is to carry out instructions.

SOMETHING GOOD IN A FOG

Vines have been protected from the spring frosts this year by huge banks of fog, which prevent the sunlight from reaching them, so that the young leaves do not appear too early.

Huge wood fires are lit some distance from the vineyards, and fed with chemicals and tar. A pall of heavy smoke is thus made which screens off the spring sunshine and prevents the vines getting too forward.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
MAY 21 ❀ ❀ 1927

The Mississippi Has a Word to Say

WHEN the Mississippi, careering like a million wild horses on its way to the sea, had burst through the banks that restrained it, all the forces of the United States were enlisted to lock the stable door.

All that was done and attempted after the blow had fallen makes us think more highly of men who, "beneath the bludgeonings of chance, are beaten but unbowed," who strained every sinew to repair the injury, and who did not hesitate to make the sacrifice of their homes and farms and orchards when by doing so they could avert more widespread devastation from the uncontrolled river.

Yet there is another side to the picture. What the Mississippi might do to the villages, the towns, the people clustering under the lee of its high banks, was neither unforeseen nor unforetold. This mighty stream had always been a watery volcano whose slumbers might be broken when the snows of its watershed melted in spring. It had gushed forth before, causing flood and death and famine, and these outbursts, as the records proved, had been marked by some sort of regularity in their occurrence. Consequently, when the very trustworthy Weather Office of the United States announced some time ago that unusually heavy rains and melting snows would bring about the recurrence of one of the periodical Mississippi floods, none could pretend that it took them unawares.

They hoped it would not happen, just as other people have hoped that a Great War or a General Strike would not happen. But when it did happen the very fact that every year brings more men and women and children into the field of fire or flood, and houses them in more crowded numbers closer to the volcano or the river, makes heavier the penalty for neglect to provide against destruction.

That was one of the lessons of the Great War which are so slowly learned. But the Mississippi teaches the same lesson with an added force, because if there were no dangers of wars, and if nations were free to bend all their brains and all their energies to their supreme task of controlling the untamed forces of Nature, then these forces would become allies instead of being enemies.

The world wants a thousand years of peace to win the tides, the rivers, the winds to its service. It will never do so while it has to spend itself in guarding against its own wars. That, it seems to us, is the word the Mississippi has to say.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Bath Bun and the Sandwich

THE Home Secretary has refused sanction to a by-law forbidding sandwich-board men in Bath. Peter Puck suggests that he knew very well that this attack on the sandwich was only professional jealousy on the part of the Bath bun.

❀

The Prophets are Among Us

AMERICA has been making some very unpleasant prophecies. Dr. Henry P. Ritchie of Minnesota says that he thinks the day will come when men will have eight fingers instead of ten, and Mr. Edison predicts that in 100 years everyone will be deaf!

Dr. Ritchie says we shall lose our little fingers because we do not use them, and things that are unused atrophy in the course of evolution. Mr. Edison says we shall all become deaf because of the nervous strain brought on by the noise in cities. He is practically stone deaf himself, but does not regret it, as it protects him from the terrible din of twentieth-century civilisation.

With all due respect to these learned gentlemen we beg to disbelieve them. All the world plays games, and little fingers do their part in gripping clubs and racquets and bats, as well as steering-wheels and tools. And, in spite of noisy cities, we feel sure that in a hundred years we shall have ears to hear the songs of Purcell and the nightingale.

❀

For Want of a Wife Much Beethoven Was Lost

A WISE writer in the Musical Times has been saying a good thing—that Beethoven would have lived longer, and therefore given the world more masterpieces, if he had married a practical wife.

Much of the bachelor composer's correspondence is devoted to complaints about his servants. They cooked badly, they stole his clothes, and if he rang the bell they sneered at him, so that we can almost forgive him for calling one Troglodyte and throwing half a dozen books at another. Of course servants came and went with rapidity, as this extract from Beethoven's notebook shows:

April 17. The kitchen-maid came.
May 16. Gave notice to kitchen-maid.
May 30. Cook entered on her duties.
July 1. New kitchen-maid came.
July 28. New kitchen-maid ran away.
July 30. Woman from Lower Döbling came.
Sept. 9. A girl entered service.
Oct. 22. The girl left.
Dec. 12. Kitchen-maid entered service.
Dec. 18. Kitchen-maid gave notice.

It is certainly tragic to think of Beethoven wearing out his nerves in trying to be a housekeeper, and it seems an infinite pity that there was no Frau Beethoven! For want of a shoe the horse was lost, but for want of a wife a whole world of immortal music may have been lost

A Little Encouragement

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, who has come home from Jerusalem to help to build up the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, has been giving us a little encouragement.

Not long ago the number of people imprisoned every year was 186,000; last year it was 42,000. Out of our 62 prisons 25 have been closed; out of our reformatories 40 have been closed.

It is something to be going on with. What shall we do with our prisons in another twenty years?

❀

Tip-Cat

THE Japanese banks have suspended payment. It is understood they are all hanging together.

⊡

FASHION article announces Straw for Summer. There will still be a little hay for the horses.

⊡

A POLITICAL leader says bad English is not uncommon. The House seems to be living up to its name.

⊡

LONDON'S Lord Mayor doubts whether Dick Whittington ever had a cat. Anyhow, it is recorded that when he ran away he carried his kit.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a seafaring nation is a boat race

⊡

SOME fishes make nests. Probably in the branch of a river.

⊡

THE Russians are asking China to drive the foreigners out. And let the Russians in.

⊡

A DISSATISFIED porter complains that many travellers have no change. They will have some before they come back.

⊡

A BAD man was found to have hidden a ten-shilling note in his mouth. He had forgotten that money talks.

⊡

A SCHOOLMASTER protests against holding up a good boy as an example to others. He would rather drop the subject.

❀

Consolation

By Peter Puck

You may search Japan or Spain,
Timbuctoo or Aquitaine,
Honolulu, Loire-et-Maine,
Without discerning
Anywhere a single lane
Running over hill and plain,
Up and down and off again,
Without a turning.
You may search the storied past,
You may plough through volumes vast
From the first page to the last,
But you will never
Find a sorrow or a wrong
That could last for very long;
Even this annoying song
Cannot last for ever!

The Wagon Lads of York

It is a little late, but we cannot help adding these stirring verses to our collection of inscriptions on the Peace Memorials up and down the countryside.

They are from one of the best and most striking of all the memorials—that to the battalion of Yorkshire Wagoners raised by the late Sir Mark Sykes at Sledmere.

THE steans a noble tale do tell
Of what men did when war befell,
And in the fourteenth harvest-tide
The call for lads went far and wide
To help to save the world fra wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

AND fra these wolds twelve hundred men
Came forth fra field and fold and pen
To stand against the law of might,
To labour, and to dee for right;
And for to save the world fra wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

THESE simple lads knew nowt o' war,
They only knew that God's own law,
Which Satan's will controls, must fall
Unless men then did heed that call,
To gan to save the world fra wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

ERE Britain's hosts were raised or planned
The lads who joined this homely band
To Normandy had passed o'er sea,
Where some were maimed and some did dee,
And all to save the world fra wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

GOOD lads and game, our Riding's Pride,
These steans are set by this road-side
This tale your children's bairns to tell
Of what ye did when war befell,
To help to save the world fra wrong,
To shield the weak and bind the strong.

❀

The Dog, the Sparrow, and the Man

THE famous Russian novelist Turgenev was out one day with his dog. The novelist's heart was warm with thankfulness for so fine a day.

His dog put its nose to the ground and approached something. A baby sparrow was feebly trying to fly. Turgenev was about to check the dog when something else intervened.

The mother sparrow dashed to the ground and flew between the dog and her little one. Twice the brave mother beat her wings against the dog's face; she was willing to risk all danger near those jaws of death. Suddenly the dog stopped, seemed to consider, and then turned away.

Turgenev marvelled at the fearlessness of the tiny sparrow, willing to risk her life defending her young one, and he wrote after seeing this incident that Love is stronger than fear or death; it is Love that holds the Universe together.

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LOST ON THE WAY TO THE ZOO

WHAT HAPPENED TO A BOX OF SNAKES

The Incredible Work of Myriads of Ants in Africa

ADVENTURE OF A NATURALIST'S COLLECTION

There is a collection of African animals on its way to the London Zoo which has a story behind it eclipsing in strangeness and improbability anything ever attempted in made-up tales.

The living assembly has been got together from the great Zambesi valley by an experienced and daring expert, Mr. Cott, already known to C.N. readers, and it comprises reptiles, birds, animals, and insects. The narrative of their capture and carriage to Beira for shipment by the Glengorm Castle would make stirring reading.

But the real thrill lies in the failure even more than the success; the mind's eye is fascinated more in imagining things that are missing than by things that survive.

A Mysterious Attack

Included in the haul were many snakes, but few of them will reach London. The reason is not that the reptiles escaped or died a natural death, but that the caravan suffered a mysterious and terrible attack in which the snakes were the chief victims. The assailants were not native robbers or lawless white men, but insects!

Red ants attacked the expedition. They penetrated the cases in which the snakes were housed and *ate them alive!* These reptiles, so deadly and terrible to man and beast, were helpless before the terrible fangs of these midget foes in their myriads. Snake after snake was eaten by them; in one night alone seven of the reptiles were thus devoured, only their skeletons remaining.

Ravenous Fearlessness

That is horrible and revolting, but deeply interesting as an indication of the ravenous fearlessness of these invincible little murderers, and it gives us reason to believe the story of huge armies of them picking clean the bones of an African elephant dead in the wilds, and more recently of their destroying a captive chimpanzee which had been captured for an American museum. There remains more to tell, however.

Mr. Cott, who is on the staff of the South Kensington Museums, had secured three puff adders, and these were carried in a stout wooden box on the heads of natives. On examining this one day Mr. Cott found that all the interior of the wood had been eaten away; there remained only a casing of the wood no thicker than paper, through which a finger could be thrust.

A Fortunate Accident

At any moment the box might have been broken and its bearers exposed to the bite of an infuriated snake. Puff adders are probably the most venomous of all snakes; their bite causes a swift and agonising death. What was it that had been at work to make their cage so insecure? Termites, or white ants as they are commonly called. Like caterpillars of the goat moth and like woodboring beetles, they do not eat the surface of the wood which they attack, but make an entry and devour all within.

In Africa and elsewhere they are among the most destructive of pests, for they tunnel doorposts, internal beams, furniture, and so on, without giving any external evidence of their presence.

As they tunnel a table-top so they had tunnelled the box in which these deadliest of snakes were housed, and only by a fortunate accident was it discovered that the cortège was carrying with it the hidden agents of its own undoing and possible death. We shall welcome the exhibits from the Zambesi.

THE OLD LADY IN THE ROMAN ARENA

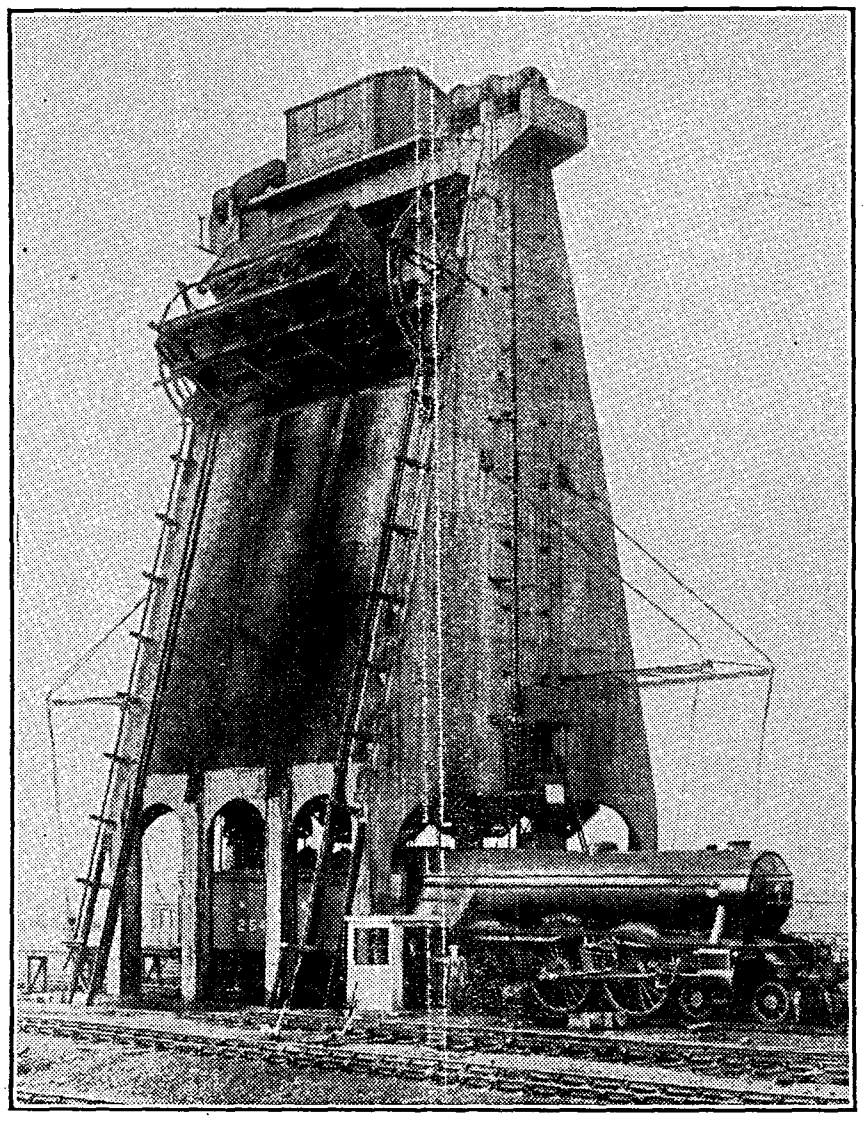
One of our travelling correspondents sends us this note on an interesting ceremony she saw at Nice.

YESTERDAY Nice was filled with gaiety. It was not the Carnival with its burlesque company; it was not the Battle of Flowers with its heartrending slaughter of beautiful things; it was something much more simple, much more suggestive. In the ancient arena, built by the Romans nearly 2000 years ago, were gathered the young people of the town to sing the songs and perform the dances that were known to the children of the land in centuries gone by.

Gaiety was everywhere in Nature; the Sun shone brilliantly, and the country was splashed with the warm gold of the mimosa; while in the arena we sat and watched elegant minuets, graceful rural steps, and joyous roundels. But most popular of all was the farandole, which the spectators could not resist, and it was made remarkable by one old lady. Rejuvenated by the airs of her schooldays, she jumped up from her seat and caught the hand of the girl last in the chain. Then an old peasant became bold and caught the hand of the old lady; another joined, and still another, till at last the whole company was whirling round!

As one watched the past being thus revived it was hard not to think that if the old Roman stones had the power of feeling they would rejoice in the uplifting of the people's taste, for whereas in olden days they were stirred by cruel gladiatorial combats, today they echoed to the merry sounds of dance and song.

COALING AN ENGINE IN FOUR MINUTES



The L.N.E.R. has a wonderful new method of coaling engines at Doncaster. The engine stops under a concrete tower and a truck of coal is hauled up the side of the tower by electric machinery. Then, at the top, the truck is tipped upside down and the coal falls through a chute into the tender. One man can coal an engine in four minutes

THE PIGEONS OF VICTORIA

WHICH are the tamest of all the tame pigeons that have their liberty in public places?

People who know Venice, and have been photographed with the birds feeding from their hands and perching about their heads and shoulders, would answer "The pigeons of St. Mark's." Those who are familiar with the pigeons of St. Paul's and of the neighbouring streets in London City would declare that none could be more confident in human company than these.

But there is another big colony of pigeons whose cheery audacity challenges comparison with that of any other birds of the same class throughout the world. These are the pigeons that live inside Victoria Station.

There are scores of them, and they are as cool and collected as pet dogs. They gather in dozens about the approaches to the refreshment rooms, seeking crumbs and other creature comforts, and do not fly but waddle composedly an inch or so this way or that in order not to be stepped on.

Porters and passengers pick their way among them, luggage lorries thunder by; they do not mind in the least. Yet it is amusing and instructive to note how they avoid a track by which late-comers run for their trains.

The other day a man and a boy were playing with the pigeons, caught two in turn and let them go. While this was happening the rest pattered undisturbed about their business, and one, with superb indifference, lay down at the boy's feet, stretched its wings out as though sun-bathing, and calmly watched him handling its mates.

There is a short-faced almond tumbler among the company. He is the one to look for. He thinks he owns Victoria Station, and ruffles his feathers and scolds majestically if porters come too hastily upon him.

MR. MELLON AGAIN

HIS VERY QUEER BLUNDERS

A Baseless Suggestion About Our War Debts

HOW WE PAY FOR OUR ALLIES

To an honest man there is pride and satisfaction in paying his debts, however hard the struggle may be; but he has surely cause for grumbling if the rich creditor he is struggling for airily tells him there is no effort needed.

That is what America says to Britain through the mouth of her Finance Minister, Mr. Secretary Mellon, and we are only human when we rejoice to see our own Finance Minister vigorously but courteously putting him right.

Mr. Churchill's Reply

Mr. Mellon told some of his countrymen who wanted him to reduce the debt that "Britain every year will receive from her debtors a substantial amount more than she will pay to us, so that her American payments will not constitute a drain on her economic resources," and he quoted figures in support of this assertion. He said that this year we should receive in German reparations, together with debt repayment by our European allies, £412,000 more than we had to pay to America, and that two years hence this profit on our debt transactions would have increased to 14 million pounds a year!

How the British taxpayer wishes it were true! Mr. Churchill shows, on the contrary, that we have received this year over twelve million pounds less than we have to pay. Two years hence, it is true, the figures may balance, but that will not alter the fact that we have already paid America about 130 million pounds more than we have received from Europe. There is no likelihood that that difference will ever be made up.

The Taxpayer's Burden

We have told our debtors that we will not ask them to pay us more than we have to pay America, and it is untrue to suggest, as Mr. Mellon does, that we have broken our word. Mr. Mellon forgets that what they are paying is not our debt to America but a small part of their debt to us, and that in passing on their payments to America, instead of applying the money to the discharge of their debt to us, we are bearing the whole burden of that debt.

We are paying in interest alone over 72 millions a year on the debts of our Allies. The 33 millions a year we are handing on to America would go toward that 72 millions if it did not go to America, and it is monstrous to say, therefore, that sending it to America involves no strain on our resources. Cannot Mr. Mellon see that, because this money is going to America, our own taxpayers must go on paying for all time this 72 millions a year?

Slovenly Thinking

Mr. Churchill exposes a number of quite extraordinary blunders in Mr. Mellon's statement; some of them so astonishing that a schoolboy should not have made them.

It is really difficult to forgive such slovenly thinking in matters affecting the good relations of two great nations, and we may all hope that the U.S. Secretary will make sure of his facts before he deals with important matters again. He is astonishingly ignorant of the facts this time; perhaps the next time he will have a little more knowledge and a little more chivalry too.

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AN OLD FACTORY BOY AND HIS DESK

A Lawyer Does a Kindly Thing With It

WHERE DICKENS WROTE

Lawyers are not generally very popular people, but one firm has just done a generous thing that ought to make all Englishmen love them.

Messrs. Attree, Johnson, and Ward, of Gray's Inn, succeeded Messrs. Ellis and Blackmore, who employed a young clerk named Charles Dickens from May, 1827, to November, 1828. Along with the premises and office furniture Messrs. Attree, Johnson, and Ward took over the desk used by Dickens.

Who would not want to keep that desk for himself? Who would not love to write at it, remembering the fifteen-year-old boy who copied legal documents there, so glad to be rescued from his first employment in a blacking factory?

Drudgery of the Law

Sometimes, we may be sure, the eyes bent over his work were blurred, for he had known poverty and shame in his childhood and had seen his father taken to prison. But often he was happy, dreaming of becoming a rich lawyer one day and having a white horse to ride through the city. Then this dream faded; he felt that he would be a failure, and his lively imagination made a lawyer's life seem a soul-killing drudgery to him. So one day someone else sat at his desk, and Charles Dickens was a newspaper reporter. He was only 24 when Pickwick brought him fame.

The desk is certainly one of the most romantic pieces of furniture that ever left a carpenter's shop, and no one who has enjoyed the fun and excitement of Dickens's novels can help coveting it. Especially is it desirable to a Londoner, for no other novelist could write about the Londoner as Dickens did. Yet in spite of all this Mr. Nicholas Ward, of Gray's Inn, has given the desk to Dickens House, where we can all see it, instead of keeping it himself.

Could generosity go farther? Mr. Nicholas Ward is a prince of lawyers.

ONE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

Building Up a Home in British Columbia

Inspired by the news that 3000 families are being sent out to the Overseas Dominions, a reader of the C.N. in the central part of British Columbia sends us her views.

She points out that it is difficult to judge in the Old Country what part of the Dominions would best suit any particular family. Her husband found life on the prairie uncongenial, though he gave it a good trial, but in British Columbia he has been happy and successful. They took up by Shuswap Lake land which was covered with forest, and cleared it themselves, and they have found it admirable when cleared for fruit-growing, poultry, and bees. Other parts of the district are more suitable for cattle or dairying.

They had no capital to start with beyond what was needed for tools to be used in clearing the woods and to purchase a winter's supply of food. They built their own log shack, and we have seen a photograph of the happy home this grew into ten years later.

On Shuswap Lake there is a steamer reaching any part of it, and a government road skirts its borders. This happy fruit-grower is not only contented but loves the life and its surroundings. Much of the roughness of his start would be avoided if anyone had capital at command after experience had been gained. It is pleasant to us to think of the C.N. as one of the enjoyments of this happily successful household.

A TOUCH OF THE OLD HOME

Australia's British Oaks

Two oaks, two beeches, two horse-chestnuts, six elms, six alders, and six cricket-bat willows have been sent from Kew Gardens to the new Australian capital, Canberra.

The planting of the trees was part of the ceremonial at the opening of the new Parliament buildings by the Duke of York.

In due course cuttings from the young trees will be used in a scheme of forestry for the Federal Territory, as the district set aside for the new capital is called; and so Australia's capital will lie in what will virtually become a bit of old England.

CHARLES LAMB'S COUNTRY COTTAGE

It is well that one of the old cottages to be preserved for posterity by the fund raised by the Society of Arts should be Charles Lamb's cottage at Westmill Green, Hertfordshire.

In one of the most charming of the Essays of Elia Lamb tells of his pride when he entered into the possession of the only landed property he could ever call his own. It was left him by his godfather and covered three-quarters of an acre, with a four-roomed cottage in the middle. But it was large enough to give the imaginative Elia "the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was his own."

The cottage has now been presented to the Society of Arts by Mrs. M. Greg.

PUSSY AT THE DOOR

One of our girl friends writes from Tilstock, near Whitchurch, in Shropshire, to challenge a statement in the Children's Treasure House that while dogs will learn by themselves to open doors no cat can do so unless it is specially taught.

Barbara says she has a kitten that is able to do so and has not been taught. "She jumps up and hangs on to the handle (says Barbara), and with her other paw presses down the latch, then jumps down and pushes the door with her head. Very often her brother and our little dog are waiting outside for her to open the door; then they all walk in!"

RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

Let the people hear the church bells once more and they will help us in our rebuilding.

So says the Bishop of Arras, in the war-scarred area of Northern France, where hundreds of churches were battered or destroyed. The work of rebuilding them is long and costly, but the Bishop is pushing on with the buying of bells. If the towers can be made fit to hold them their peals bring in money more readily than anything else. Their sound brings back old memories of the days when the countryside was smiling, and speaks hopefully to weary souls of happier days to come.

GRANNY VERNON

A much appreciated Northwich reader sends us this note.

Having read in the C.N. that Ishmael Hughes of Cheadle, who has just passed away, is claimed to be the oldest inhabitant of Cheshire, I beg to inform you that there is in the Northwich Union an older person.

This is Granny Vernon, who has already celebrated her 104th birthday, and is reported to be still going strong, with all her faculties except that of hearing, and with a very fair remembrance of the doings of Northwich since the time of George the Fourth.

THE PEACE BRIDGE

New Highway Over Niagara

SCENE OF A BATTLE LONG AGO

The new bridge over the Niagara River, which is to be opened next week, is called the Peace Bridge, and the reason is interesting.

It is because, in the first place, the bridge crosses that great international frontier which for over a hundred years has been left unfortified, and over which not a shot has been fired in all that time; and because, in the second place, its erection was first planned to celebrate the centenary of the conclusion of the last war between Britain and America. It is sad that the greatest war in history should have compelled the postponement of this peace celebration, but better late than never.

At the Canadian end of this peace bridge, which will join the American city of Buffalo with the Canadian town of Fort Erie, is the site of the last battle of the war of 1812 on this part of the front, and at the American end is the site of an American barracks maintained, not for frontier defence, but for the preservation of order among Americans themselves. Now the barracks are gone and one of the approach roads of the bridge is being laid over the spot.

To Cost a Million Pounds

In all the length of the lakes and their connecting rivers which divide the two peoples there are only four road bridges. Two of them are over the gorge containing Niagara Falls. The new bridge is some miles above the Falls, at the point where the river leaves Lake Erie. The old bridges all charge tolls; the new bridge will charge tolls only till the cost of it has been paid back; after that it will be free, the joint property of the two peoples it unites.

The bridge will cross the river, 1900 feet wide, on five steel arches, and another arch of 360 feet will carry it across the Erie Canal on the American side, which connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River and New York. The piers will rest on the solid rock of the river bed. The bridge will cost a million pounds. *See World Map*

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A nest of starlings has been hatched in the organ of Fletching Church, Sussex.

Cologne Cathedral has now 22 loud speakers, half of them in the choir.

Canada is celebrating her diamond jubilee as a nation this year.

Classes in the Open Air

About 150 open-air classes of 30 delicate children are now being held in London parks and on London commons.

Seeing the Pictures

The National Gallery was visited by nearly 600,000 people last year, and the Tate Gallery by 364,000.

Prosperous Bradford

Bradford has more private cars in proportion to its population than any other city in England.

Treasure Trove

Workmen at Creggs, in County Galway, have unearthed some skulls and found a bag of gold coins among them.

What They Swallowed

During one week-end at Hull Infirmary patients were treated for swallowing a plum stone, a safety-pin, and a halfpenny.

Plenty of Candidates

Among those applying for the post of secretary to a hospital at Grimsby at £300 a year were admirals, captains, barristers, doctors, and clergymen.

Izaac Walton's Cottage

The cottage of Izaac Walton, at Shallowford, near Stafford, where, in his retirement, he would "loiter long near Shawford brook," has been badly damaged by fire.

THE MODESTY OF GUDEA

A Prince of Peace Before Nebuchadnezzar

A MAN OF WIDE INFLUENCE

There was a prince who ruled in Southern Mesopotamia 45 centuries ago of whom we have known some time but whose greatness we are only just beginning to realise. The reason is interesting. He was Prince Gudea of Lagash. He set a fashion among princes which lasted till after the time of Nebuchadnezzar, two thousand years later, of making no reference to their warlike activities in the inscriptions they left behind. This was in strong contrast to the custom of the Pharaohs, whose records are full of their conquests, as we know from Cleopatra's Needle.

Even references to their political power became bad form with Prince Gudea and his successors; he himself preferred to talk of peace. There was art of a very high order in his time.

In his inscriptions Gudea tells of the cedars and limestones brought to Lagash from as far away as Lebanon and the Jordan, as well as of metals and building materials from Elam, now in Persia. Quite recently inscriptions have been found in Nippur and in Ur confirming this idea of his wide political influence, but it is not surprising, in face of his modesty about his achievements, that his greatness should for so long have remained unrecognised.

THE TULIPS OF ST. PAUL'S

Shaded Walls in the City

A very happy Londoner is Mr. Henry Colville, the City Corporation gardener who looks after the gardens and lawns that fringe St. Paul's.

The tulips there are already aflame, the lawns are emerald green, but Mr. Colville does not think his garden at its best till the first week in June.

One strange thing about his garden is that the dahlias, which are among its chief beauties, grow to an amazing height. Last year they reached ten feet. The reason, Mr. Colville explained to the C.N., is that they grow in the shade of the walls and long for the sun. So they stretch their heads upward and grow as high as they can.

There is a bed on the east side of the garden which is always worked out in some original way. Last year it was the shield of the Dean, with the crossed swords of Church and State on one side, and on the other, worked out in pyrethrum lettering on a background of armeria, was the legend "He's true to God who's true to man."

Many City workers find rest and solace at midday in this quiet and peaceful garden, with the buses thundering past a few yards away.

WINDFALLS

Like Stories from a Book

It is not only in books and plays that poor people come into fortunes.

The other day Robert Pullar was washing up dirty dishes in a lumbermen's camp near Atikokan, Ontario, when a letter was brought him announcing that he had inherited £50,000. It is said that he finished his washing up!

Frederick Rolph has had an experience quite as unexpected. He was a petty officer in the Navy, and after retiring became valet to Mr. Charles Bagge Penn, who has died and left him £40,000.

One of the best windfalls of this kind came to the South London Hospital for Women. When it was founded, about 15 years ago, someone wrote a letter to The Times ridiculing the scheme and saying that such a hospital was not needed, and this made someone else so indignant that he sent the hospital a cheque for £30,000.

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A BIRD COLUMBUS

And His Great Discovery

PASSENGERS ASSISTED AND FOOD FOUND

Word has gone forth among the song birds of California that the planes which carry the mails are available for long journeys and never do birds any harm.

Which bird first found out that the aeroplane was a labour-saver for birds will never be known, but he must have been a veritable Columbus among his fellows. His daring feat in perching on the shoulders of the huge, whirring plane was quickly imitated, and today thousands of his kind perch like feathered stowaways on the air-liner's wings.

The planes that fly across the deserts of Northern Nevada in the teeth of the prevailing north wind are most favoured by the voyagers. They save a long and tedious flight, and at the end of the journey the travellers arrive fresh and unruffled, with nothing to pay.

They show no fear of the bird-men in the cockpit of the plane, recognising in them fellow argonauts of the air, and in a short while, no doubt, the birds will expect refreshments on the way. "Passengers assisted and food found" is the new slogan of the migrating song birds.

Some day we shall expect to see the first swallows arriving by the Paris mail.

THE BOTTLE THAT NOBODY WANTS

A Great Trade's Great Chance

The glass bottle manufacturers have been meeting to consider how the country has been buying bottles during the last year and what profits the trade could make by selling them more bottles and at a cheaper rate.

The chairman was able to assure the meeting that, though there had been some falling-off in bottles, a plenteous time was coming, because by improvements in the way of making them bottles would be turned out shortly in ever-increasing quantities at a price that would tempt everyone to buy.

This is good news for bottle-makers, but better news for the public would be that the traders who buy bottles to put liquids in would tempt the buyers to send them back again. The cheap bottle is surely a sort of tragedy. Bottles are so cheap that no one quite knows what to do with empty ones; and there are still thousands of people who leave them in woods where they have picnicked or on the beach where children will cut their feet on them, or even throw them out of railway-carriage windows and so cause injury to workmen on the line.

What we want is not more bottles but fewer bottles; especially we should like to see the clever brains of the Bottle Men set to work on some scheme to get the empties back.

GUY FAWKES, SCHOOLBOY

1300 Years of Learning

At midsummer this year St. Peter's School at York is celebrating its thirteen hundredth birthday.

It is believed that the school was founded at the same time as York Minster, in 627, but the list of headmasters does not begin till 669, after which there is an unbroken succession of learned names.

Although St. Peter's is such an ancient public school it is not the oldest of all. The order is: Canterbury 598, London and Rochester 604, and St. Peter's, York, 627. Its lovers must content themselves with boasting that it is fourth on the list and that it has produced many great scholars, including Alcuin, who was so wise that Charlemagne lured him away from his native York to Paris.

But even Alcuin is not so famous as another old boy of St. Peter's, for everybody in England has heard of Guy Fawkes, who was also there.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

The Goldsmith's Son of Nuremberg

Albert Dürer was born on May 21, 1471.

Dürer was a man of whom the Italians said that had he been born in Italy he would have been the greatest of their artists. He was a scholar as well as an artist, like some of the best Florentines, and won for himself a whole field in European art.

His father was a goldsmith of Nuremberg. Albert, born on May 21, 1471, the second son, was sent to school for a little time and then taught the goldsmith's craft. But he preferred drawing to his father's work, and Albert the elder apprenticed his son to a painter called Wohlgemut.

When his years of training were over there came a few seasons of wandering. Albert, scarcely of age, sensitive to beauty, tramped and rode across Europe, watching, studying, very often unable to make his German tongue understood, and then, fortunate youth! found himself in Venice.

Another Visit to Venice

In 1497 Albert set up a studio in Nuremberg and began to work in earnest. During the next few years he did several important paintings and produced the first series of the famous Apocalypse drawings and other designs. His work was signed with the monogram of the D below the A, and had already a quality of line and texture that was to set Dürer apart in Europe.

About 1505 he went back to Venice, taking with him six small pictures and some prints to sell. There was plenty of work for Dürer in Italy, and he lost himself for a time in the Venetian atmosphere. Presently he was back in Nuremberg again. Much as he was attracted by Italian art, he was too ruggedly native to his own soil and national character to remain an exile for any great length of time.

Years of Hard Work

He came back fired with an extraordinary passion for work, and the years that followed were the most crowded of his life. He was the centre of a world of art and high thought, and time rolled quickly by that studio door where so much work was being done—religious pictures, drawings for the prayer book of Maximilian I. Sometimes he painted, sometimes engraved on copper and wood. He could never do enough to satisfy the ideals that haunted his brain.

In 1520 Dürer set out for the Netherlands with some more prints and woodcuts to sell and a sketch-book under his arm. He travelled about, seeing the masterpieces of Rogier van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, and the Van Eycks. Wherever he went he was received with great honour.

A Mysterious Illness

While he was in Antwerp he heard of the imprisonment of Martin Luther. He grieved about it, and wrote many long letters. "Oh, God!" he cried, "if Luther be dead who will henceforth expound the holy Gospel to us with such clearness!"

He returned all the stronger in mind for the influence the Van Eycks had had on him, but with health impaired by an illness he could not understand.

When I was in Zeeland (he said) a wondrous sickness came over me, such as I never heard of from any man, and this sickness remains with me.

Poor Dürer! Before long the intermittent fever meant the end. But in the meantime he had some masterpieces to paint, the portrait of Holzschuber, now at Berlin, and the famous Four Evangelists, now at Munich, which is called the most imposing picture of the German School.

In a few years Dürer grew weaker under the attacks of the strange sickness. He died suddenly at Nuremberg on April 6, 1528.

THE UMBRELLA MAN ON THE CONGO

Rain-makers have been advertised to produce rain in many parts of the world, but Central Africa has rain-preventers among its native magicians.

One of these is described by Miss Vivian de Watteville, the brave girl who accompanied her father on the ill-fated expedition, in which he lost his life, to secure zoological specimens from the Congo for the Berne Museum.

Mr. de Watteville was killed by a lion, and after his death his daughter, with great courage and resolution, brought the skins and the natives who had accompanied the travellers back to Kabale, on the borders of the Congo.

On the way back the rains broke, and the journey was dangerous as well as trying. One day, when near Lake Edward, the headman of the natives with Miss de Watteville brought in to camp the Rain Man. He was, she says, very old and very tiny, almost like the pygmies they had seen at Muhaurra.

Strange Incantations

He carried with him a staff topped with a bunch of herbs, a queer sort of umbrella, with which he menaced the skies. With them he walked half-way to Kabale.

At regular times on the march he would whistle through his teeth and chant strange incantations.

Mwanguno the headman and the other natives had the greatest faith in him and in his power to keep off rain.

One day on the wide plateau Miss de Watteville could see a distant storm approaching, and she was anxious to get the skins under shelter. But Mwanguno said it was unnecessary; the Rain Man would keep away the storm. Then, by a marvellous coincidence, the storm divided, and though the country on either side was drenched with the downpour the little strip of camp was left dry!

So is the Rain Man made famous among his people; so does the prophet become a man of power.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Would a Piece of Metal Sunk in Mid-Ocean Drop to the Bottom?

Yes; it would sink to the ocean bed, being greatly compressed by the weight of water above it.

Do Tortoises Drink?

Yes, many do; and if you keep a tortoise you should let it have a saucer of water in the garden. Some tortoises, however, get all or nearly all the water they need from the succulent plants they eat.

Why is the Foxtrot Dance So Called?

A foxtrot means an easy pace in which the steps are short, like those of a horse passing from a walk into a trot. The name was given to the modern dance because of a fancied resemblance.

Who is Reuter?

Reuter is the name of a company which collects news from all over the world and supplies it to the newspapers. This world-wide organisation was founded by Paul Julius de Reuter, who was born at Kassel, in Germany, on July 21, 1816.

On What Do Tadpoles Feed?

At first the tadpole has no mouth, but in a few days a mouth develops and the tadpole nibbles at the vegetation. But while in theory it is vegetarian it sometimes makes a meal of a tadpole brother. When the transformation from tadpole to frog takes place there is a period when it eats nothing at all, the tail, which is gradually absorbed, being a source of nutriment.

What is Esperanto?

An artificial language invented by Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian, and intended to be the universal language of the future. The vocabulary is based as far as possible on words common to the chief European languages, and sounds peculiar to any one language are avoided. In publishing his first pamphlet on the subject in 1887 Dr. Zamenhof adopted the pseudonym Dr. Esperanto, and that became the name of the language.

JUPITER VISIBLE IN THE MORNING

AND VENUS IN THE EVENING SKY

The Earth's Companion for 1000 Million Years

MENACED BY GIANT COMETS

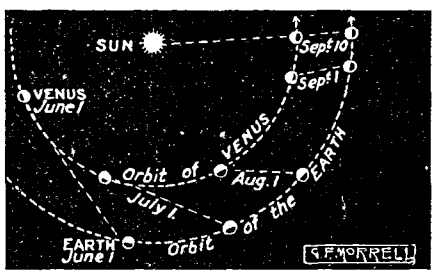
By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter may now be seen in the early-morning sky, low in the south-east, having passed from far behind the Sun, where he was invisible to the naked eye.

This great planet is now at a distance of nearly 500 million miles, and consequently is by no means so brilliant as he will appear in September, when he will be only 370 million miles away.

On Thursday morning, May 26, we shall have an opportunity of identifying this far-off world, because the crescent Moon will be in close proximity, being between nine and ten times her own diameter away to the left of, and rather below, Jupiter.

About 4 a.m. will be the best time for seeking the planet—an hour before



Relative positions of the Earth and Venus for the next three months

sunrise and upwards of an hour after Jupiter has risen.

Venus, the glory of the evening sky, is now but 90 million miles away, the nearest world to the Earth with the exception, of course, of the Moon.

It is interesting to note that she is almost the same size as our world, with a diameter of 7600 miles, compared with the 7900 miles of the Earth. If we could ascend to a height of 50 million miles we should see these two as twin worlds, wonderfully similar, with another smaller one, the Moon, accompanying the Earth.

Venus would be following the Earth and gradually gaining upon her; the extent to which she will do so in the course of the next three months being shown in the picture. There it will be seen that she will draw level with the Earth on September 10 and be at her nearest to us, but invisible, unfortunately, because she will then be between us and the Sun.

At present Venus appears gibbous as seen through a telescope. The Earth also appears gibbous as seen from Venus.

Immunity from Celestial Perils

For at least a thousand million years these sister worlds have thus rolled on together, and there is no reason to doubt that they will continue to do so for a thousand million more. Through long ages they, with the Sun and the whole solar system, have been whirling through a vast area of the firmament at 750 miles a minute; and till now they have survived, without material injury, whatever celestial perils have approached them.

During this long period millions of great comets must have sped across their skies. Even within historical times many of these lurid monsters have been quite as much a menace to Venus as to our world; but the orbits of the Earth and Venus are so parallel and so nearly on the same plane as to preclude the possibility of either world experiencing any appreciable disturbance from passing bodies.

Thus the serenity of Venus may give us confidence in the security of our own sister world. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Jupiter south-east. In the evening Venus and Mars west by north. Saturn south-east.

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THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure ❀ By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 15
Ah Sung Tells his Story

RUNNING at her top speed, the Bantam in about a quarter of an hour passed the mouth of the creek up which the Borosina lay. Very little of its winding course could be seen; the Borosina was not in sight, but some ten minutes later Chang shouted that she had just emerged from the creek and was in full pursuit.

"Well, I suppose we've about a couple of miles start," said Michael

"None too much. In two hours at most she will close with us."

"Let her close, sir, and fight it out," said Bunce.

"Too risky," replied Michael. "We might lose, and then it would be all up with our chances of finding my brother, if he's still alive."

"Alive all same, boss," said Ah Sung, raising himself on his elbow.

"You savvy that sure?" asked Michael eagerly.

"My savvy alla lightee," said the boy.

"Tell us all about it. You feel quite well now? Not much hurt?"

"No hurt at all," said Ah Sung. "My tellum all what savvy."

And he proceeded, in his queer, tortured, pidgin-English, to relate the exciting story of his adventures ashore.

After wandering for about two miles inland he had come upon a small village. Entering it unnoticed, he crept stealthily to the back of the inn, listened for a while to the conversation going on inside, and heard enough to give him an idea as to the course he had best adopt. He went boldly to the front, entered the inn, announced himself as a messenger from Wang, and demanded to be taken to the headman.

"Wang? But who's Wang?" Michael interrupted.

"He bad piecee pilate fella," said Ah Sung. "Evely piecee fella talkee 'bout Wang. Ming Wang Tang alla lightee."

"Well, go on."

At his interview with the headman he declared that Wang was planning the capture of a ship off the coast, and the headman was to receive and hide the plunder. The headman, in his delight at the news and the part assigned to him, carried Ah Sung off to the inn and treated him without stint.

In the course of conversation Ah Sung discovered that a foreign steamer had lately been captured by Wang in the neighbourhood, but had been lost in the typhoon. He pretended to know all about it; he did in fact know the story up to the time that Bunce had left the vessel; and he reeled off a string of details that raised him greatly in the estimation of his hearers.

The headman asked him if it were true that some of the foreign devils had been taken ashore and that one of them was teaching the honourable Wang how to work the strange talking machine. This was news to Ah Sung, but, drawing a bow at a venture, he said that the story was perfectly true, going on to enlarge upon the extraordinary qualities of the mysterious talker.

In his turn Ah Sung gleaned information by leading questions and skilful pumping, the most important item being that Wang's headquarters were situated at a spot not far from Lo Fing's farm and the ruined joss-house where Michael and Larry had sheltered from the rain during their shooting expedition.

Ah Sung was enjoying himself in his pretended rôle when he was flabbergasted by the sudden arrival of Mirski and his companions. They came into the inn: Ah Sung saw that Mirski recognised him in spite of his disguise and, quickly recovering from his first confusion, tackled the Russian in a bluffing match. By his authority as an emissary from Wang he ordered Mirski to be arrested.

"That time he makee velly big bobbely," said the boy with a Chinese smile. "He fightee plenty much; my no can do but hit he one on boko, galow!"

Then, bidding the headman keep Mirski in safe custody until Wang had made known his decision about the man's destiny, he took his leave and set off, in the company of two of the villagers, to return to the Bantam.

But he had not gone very far before shouts and the sound of running behind taught him that in some way his imposture had been discovered. Sending his companions back to inquire into the meaning of the uproar, he slipped off his boots and took to his heels.

"My lun velly fine," he said complacently, in conclusion.

"You did run it very fine," said Michael, smiling. "Then you didn't get any certain news about my brother?"

"Only he makee talkee pidgin for Wang; no can do if he dead man."

"That's true. We shall have to tackle Mr. Ming Wang Tang. It seems pretty clear that he is holding Larry. But we must get clear of Mirski before we can make any plans for rescuing Larry, and I see that Mirski is gaining on us. We may have to stand and fight him yet, Bunce."

"If you ask me, sir, I say dodge him in among that bunch of islands yonder. With luck we'd give him the slip."

"Happy thought! If I'm not mistaken that's your island just ahead of us—where we picked you up, you know."

"Right you are, sir! Give a twist of the wheel and we'll be out of sight of those beggars astern; then we can run into the cove and lie doggo."

Abreast of the islet, Michael steered the launch into the narrow channel separating it from the next of the group, and swung into the little inlet on whose shore he had found Bunce. He ran the Bantam behind a bluff at the extremity of the inlet; the party landed; and Michael climbed with Chang up the rocks to a post from which they could watch the movements of the enemy.

CHAPTER 16
A Stern Chase

FROM their perch high up among the rocks the two observers had a clear view of the waterway they had just left, and of portions of the channels that wound between the various islands of the small archipelago. The farthest island of the group Michael estimated to be about two miles away.

But they had barely taken a hurried glance around when the Borosina swept into view, running close in to the shore of the islet. Through his field-glasses Michael clearly saw that the occupants of the launch were closely scanning the coast-line.

"Will they discover our opening?" he murmured to Chang.

"How many are there of them?" asked his friend.

"Seven—or perhaps eight; the launch is pretty well crowded. Ah! They're coming in." For a moment or two he held his breath in suspense. "No! Thank goodness! That little reef out there seems to have baulked them. They're sheering off. They've passed the opening. Now I've lost sight of them behind a bluff."

A minute or two passed.

"I see them again!" cried Michael. "Look, Chang, they've skirted the north shore and are running between those two little islands to the north-east. They evidently think we're hiding somewhere among the islands or they'd have kept to the open sea. I say, they've stopped!"

"The petrol has given out, perhaps."

"Or perhaps they're listening for the sound of our engine, which of course they couldn't hear through their own. Yes, that's it. They're off again."

They watched in silence as the launch threaded its way between the several islets. Now and then they lost sight of it, but the engine was always distinctly audible, and Michael found himself able to guess almost the exact spot at which the Borosina would reappear.

Presently, when she had reached the furthermost island of the group, she stopped again. There was apparently some hesitation among the crew as to what course to take; her head was turned first this way, then that; but after a few minutes she swung to the right, and set off at full speed.

"It's time we were off," said Michael, shutting up his glasses. "That course will bring her right past this inlet, and they'll certainly search it. We've gained a good hour; Mirski has been spending petrol all the time, and we've a good chance now to get away."

They clambered down the rock, explained the situation to Bunce, and in a few minutes were speeding down the inlet. On gaining the open sea Michael steered almost due north, to skirt the outer islands of the archipelago and secure freedom of choice for his course if the enemy attempted pursuit.

For some twenty minutes, although Ah Sung and Bunce kept an anxious watch astern, they saw no sign of the Borosina, nor could her engine be heard. But suddenly Ah Sung sang out "Hai! hai!" and pointed to a spot on their starboard quarter.

"Chinkey's spied 'em, sir," cried Bunce. "They're coming out of yon channel betwixt them two nearest islands, coming a spanker too."

"Bad luck!" said Michael. "They've changed their course and cut across to intercept us. Must have heard us, or perhaps seen us through gaps between the islands. Anyhow, they're much closer than I expected. What's the distance, Bunce?"

"Not more than a mile and a half, I guess."

"Then they're bound to catch us up if their petrol holds out, or barring accidents. That means a fight."

"Well, sir, I'm peaceful by nature, but some other folks isn't, and if they *won't* let me alone—well, they're asking for it, that's what I say."

He rolled up his sleeves, and looked round for any weapon that might come handy in the event of a struggle.

Michael could hardly share the bosun's cheerfulness. Former experience taught him that Mirski and his men would certainly have firearms: there would be seven or eight rifles to contend with. On his side he had only a couple of rifles and one revolver, and though Bunce and Ah Sung would no doubt prove redoubtable warriors at close quarters with boathooks or other simple weapons they might be knocked out by a shot at the outset, and then the odds would be overwhelming.

"I'm pretty much your way of thinking, Bunce," said Michael. "I'd sooner do without fighting, but if other people will insist on molesting us when we've done nothing to interfere with them there's no help for it. All the same, as I want to find my brother I must avoid risks as much as possible, so I hope we'll manage to keep out of harm's way."

"That's a question," remarked Bunce. "That there launch is gaining on us; there's no mistake about that. She's thrashing through at a fine rate; looks as if her skipper thinks he's plenty of petrol in the tanks."

"Perhaps the opposite," said Chang quietly. "Perhaps he feels that his sole chance is to go all out, as you say, because if he doesn't catch us within a short time he won't be able to catch us at all."

Excitement grew as the Borosina crept up, minute by minute reducing the gap between the two vessels. The two Chinese showed no signs of emotion. Both were silent, keeping their eyes steadily fixed on the pursuing boat.

Bunce, however, was restless. He stood up in the boat, his legs astraddle, his face turned toward the pursuer, and every now and then he let out an exclamation or reported the progress of the chase.

"She's just bouncing along. . . . Right in our wake, sir, straight as a tow rope. . . . Not much more than half a mile away now. . . . Her skipper knows the trick of the wheel, sir."

A shot rang out.

"Now, who fired that?" said Bunce, setting his arms akimbo. "And what's become of the bullet?"

Two or three shots followed the first in a ragged volley.

"Get down, Bunce," said Michael. "Lie flat, man."

"Why, bless your eyes, sir, the bullets haven't come anywhere near us. Not a sound of 'em. Waste of powder and shot, I call it, for what with the bounce of the boat and the swell on the sea a Bisley prize-winner couldn't hardly hit a haystack."

"That's all very well," Michael responded. "I dare say they don't expect to hit us, but are trying a few shots to scare us and make us heave-to. All the same, don't run needless risk. If a stray shot got you we'd be three against seven instead of four."

"There's something in that," said Bunce, lowering himself slowly beside Chang and Ah Sung, who were already flat on their faces, lifting their heads just enough to give them a view over the stern of the boat.

The chase went on. Yard by yard the Borosina gained on the Bantam.

"Barely a quarter-mile now," said Bunce.

The words had barely left his lips when there was a salvo from the deck of the Borosina. Michael heard a bullet whiz past his head; two found the Bantam's hull, and Michael felt, with a sinking of the heart, that the chances of surviving a fight to find his brother were small when there came a great shout from Bunce.

"Yo ho! Yo ho! She's stopped!"

"Stopped?" echoed Michael.

"Ay, sir, stopped dead. Not another kick in her."

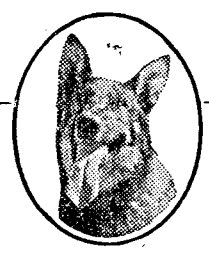
Michael glanced round. The Borosina had already dropped a quarter-mile astern. Her crew evidently recognised that the game was up; they did not even try another shot.

"Your raid on the petrol tins saved the situation," remarked Chang.

"Well, it has given us a respite," said Michael. "We may get a little time to go on with our search for Larry. That's a relief."

How short the respite was to be neither Michael nor any of his party could know.

TO BE CONTINUED



"RIN-TIN-TIN"

The Wonder-Dog of the Films

A fine series of original stories about "Rin-Tin-Tin," the world-famous dog, is just starting in PUCK—the favourite *coloured* paper for boys and girls: You will be thrilled with the romantic adventures of this wonder-dog, and love the bright coloured pictures and jolly stories in this splendid paper.

PUCK

Every Tuesday 2d.

Five-Minute Story

The Broken Bowl

THE fame of Thomas Fry's china factory at Bow had reached royal ears, and the Queen was coming to pay it a visit.

To Fry it was a dream come true, and to someone else as well: Johnnie Rowe, the lame son of one of Fry's workmen, had long desired to see the Queen. There he was at the gate with the other children, and clasped closely was a dear possession as an offering to Queen Caroline.

Thomas Fry thought well of Rowe's skill, and he had let him work at the factory sometimes when the other men had gone. He did not know that Rowe had brought his little son there and taught him something of the potter's art. If Johnnie's legs were able to do less than other children's his hands could do more, and when he had fashioned a bowl which his father said was fit for the Queen Johnnie longed to give it to her. Now the chance had come.

The Queen arrived, and the children kept at a respectful distance, so awed were they by the sight of the fine clothes, the powder and patches, of Her Majesty and of the ladies in attendance.

Johnnie knew he must not push himself forward yet. He waited while the Queen was in the factory with the patience of the child who cannot easily run about.

Presently loud cheering from the workmen inside the factory brought the children together again. They pushed past Johnnie and clustered round the gate. Johnnie began to work his way through the crowd. Now the cheering was louder: the gate was opening. With a great effort and a final twist Johnnie had wriggled to the front, but before he could steady himself a big boy sprang forward to get a better view, and in a moment Johnnie was flung down at Her Majesty's feet.

His stick flew out of his hand and the precious bowl lay under him, broken. Johnnie burst into tears. Then a wonderful thing happened. The Queen herself stooped over him, and with her own hands helped him up.

"He is lame!" she exclaimed in tones full of sympathy. "My poor child!" Then, seeing that he was grasping tight hold of something, she said: "Have you broken something?"

"My bowl! I made it myself. It was for you, your Majesty!" sobbed Johnnie.

"He is the son of one of my workmen," Fry hastened to explain. "Now, now, Johnnie! You must not hinder Her Majesty."

But the Queen had taken the broken bowl and was examining it with admiration.

"Surely, Mr. Fry, this is wonderful work for a child?" she said.

It was Fry's turn now to be surprised.

Johnnie's tears were quickly dried when the Queen promised to keep the bowl and have it mended.

As for Thomas Fry, he patted Johnnie's head and said one day he would be a master craftsman.

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There is Always Time for Courtesy



THE BRAN TUB

Irish Towns

THESE clues indicate the names of six towns in Ireland. Can you find them?

A light substance.
A cement and a pile of hay.
An insect and an edge or border.
A fortified dwelling and a measure of music.
A fluid and a shallow part of a river.
Half a measure and a road.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



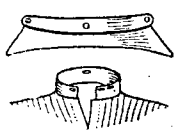
The Bateleur Eagle

This Eagle, which differs from all the others by the extreme shortness of its tail, is to be found over the whole of Africa to the south of the Sahara Desert. When a grass jungle is on fire the Bateleur will beat along the line of flame and seize snakes and reptiles as they creep out. It also preys upon young antelopes and lambs.

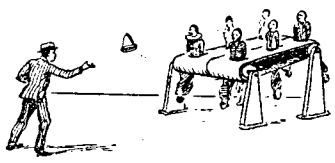
Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Studless Collar and Shirt. Men have used studs for long enough; here is an attempt to do away with them. The collar-band of this shirt, which is deeper than usual, has in addition to the usual three stud-holes another on the left front of the band. The collar has on the inside three buttons which correspond in position with three of the holes on the band of the shirt. The collar may thus be buttoned to the shirt before the shirt is put on, and afterwards the fourth buttonhole on the shirt may be made to engage with the button which has already passed through the button-hole on the opposite end of the shirt-band.



A New Kind of Hat Trick. This amusing game consists of a series of moving figures mounted on an endless band and a number of weighted hats



of various shapes which are to be thrown from a distance so as to alight on particular heads as the figures come up into position.

Ici on Parle Français



Le collier Le bol La péniche

Cette dame porte un beau collier
Donnez-moi donc un bol de bouillon
On voit des péniches sur nos fleuves

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

A strong, thick cord. A precious stone. A large number of wolves. Animals found in North America.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE common sandpiper is seen. The house martin builds its nest. The song of the missel thrush ceases. The brown argus, greasy fritillary, and grizzled skipper butterflies and the heath and garden carpet moths appear. The soldier and sailor beetles are seen. The midge and stinging fly are on the wing. Hive bees swarm.



Looking South 8 a.m., May 24

The gromwell, raspberry, white clover, wild mignonette, bistort, butterwort, guelder rose, herb benet, mouse-ear hawkweed, ox-eye daisy, bird's-foot trefoil, monkshood, rock rose, sorrel, dewberry, hound's-tongue, and red bryony are in blossom.

Is Your Name Runciman?

WHAT can a runciman have been? He was a man in charge of the runcies. And what is a runcy? Chaucer will tell us. One of his pilgrims, the shipman, "rood upon a rouncy." A rouncy was a small horse, a nag. So the first Runciman was the man in charge of the little riding horses.

A Shadow Picture



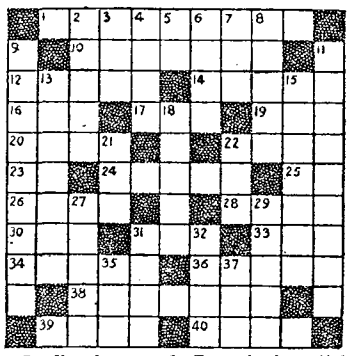
WITH the aid of a light we can make an amusing shadow of a man on the wall by holding our hands as shown in this picture. A number of different hats can be easily cut out of paper.

How Vaudeville Got Its Name

VAUDEVILLE originally meant a light, gay song, but it is now used as meaning a light kind of play introducing a number of songs. The word is derived from Vau-de-Vire, the name of two valleys in Normandy, where, in the fifteenth century, a French poet composed songs that became popular and were called Vaux-de-Vire, after the valleys.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 42 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. **1.** To make beautiful. **10.** Porridge. **12.** A kind of rock. **14.** To anoint. **16.** Meaning maiden name. **17.** Member of horse family. **19.** A leguminous plant. **20.** To exhaust. **22.** A heavenly body. **23.** Exists. **24.** Roman goddess. **25.** Part of the Bible (abbrev.). **26.** To ponder. **28.** Skin. **30.** Before. **31.** Author of Treasure Island (abbrev.). **33.** Royal Society of Edinburgh (abbrev.). **34.** A sinew. **36.** Makes hot. **38.** Famous machine-gun. **39.** Submissive. **40.** An open piece of land.

Reading Down. **2.** One who proposes a motion. **3.** What the sheep says. **4.** Famous volcano. **5.** Long metre (abbrev.). **6.** Grassy plains. **7.** Boy's name. **8.** Rested. **9.** A thought prompted by feeling. **11.** Without feeling. **13.** Vacant time. **15.** Thinnest. **18.** A kind of hemp. **21.** Mother of all. **22.** Plant juice. **27.** To wait on at table. **29.** To remove. **31.** To care. **32.** The butter tree. **35.** To strive for superiority. **37.** To go astray.

Jacko Plays the Cornet

JACKO and his friend Chimp often hung round the railway station. To them it was quite the most exciting place in the town, and there was always something for them to watch, even on the dullest day.

The station-master wasn't very keen on either Jacko or Chimp, but that made it all the more exciting. The young rascals had no end of a time giving him the slip.

One morning Jacko and Chimp were round at the station very early, so early, in fact, that the station-master wasn't on duty, and the platform was in charge of a friendly porter.

"No, there won't be a train for another half-hour," he told



Jacko and Chimp made a terrific din

Jacko. "I'm going to have a look at the paper myself." And he disappeared into the Porters' Room.

"Come on; let's clear out," said Chimp; "there's nothing doing here."

But Jacko wasn't so sure about that. He had caught sight of some funny-looking luggage at the end of the platform and wanted to have a closer view.

"Coo! I believe this is a trumpet!" he said, prodding one of the packages.

"And here's a funny sort of drum!" cried Chimp. "I shouldn't be surprised if all this stuff doesn't belong to a band."

"Well, the band isn't here, anyhow," said Jacko, with a mischievous grin. "Come on, Chimp, let's give the place a tune before they arrive," and he pulled the cornet out of its wrappings.

Chimp took some time making up his mind what instrument he would play; but in the end he chose the drum, and he and Jacko crept out of the station, leaving the porter still deep in his paper.

"Now, then, what are we going to play?" asked Chimp.

"Rule, Britannia," said Jacko promptly, blowing the cornet as hard as he knew how, and starting off down the street.

Chimp struck up on the drum, and altogether there was a terrific din. People rushed to their windows to see what was happening, and by the time Jacko and Chimp had reached the market-place they had collected quite a crowd.

Unfortunately the crowd proved their undoing, for a policeman rushed up and ordered the place to be cleared.

"No obstructions here!" he shouted, and he headed Jacko and Chimp off toward the station again.

But they hadn't got very far when a big, burly bandsman who had heard the noise came flying out of the station. He and his mates had just arrived by train, and when they looked for their luggage, which had been sent on in advance, of course some of it was missing.

Chimp put down the drum and took to his heels. He didn't like the look of the bandsman. And neither did Jacko. He dropped the cornet and hopped over the nearest wall.

Music had ceased to have any charms for either of them.

Dr MERRYMAN

A Nice Distinction

"DO you refuse to pay me the money you owe me?"

"Oh, dear no. I don't refuse at all. I merely refrain."

Patience in the Lighthouse

TOMMY saw a revolving light for the first time when he looked out of his bedroom window at the seaside lodgings.

"How tired the sailors in that lighthouse must be!" he said. "The wind has blown the light out six times since they lit it, and they've had to light it again each time."

A Good Badger

MUSED a Badger, "There's much in a name!
Take my own, for example. I blame
Those who labelled me Bad.
No sound reason they had,
For to live like a Goodger's my aim."

Unfortunate

DID I bring you back that basket you lent me last week?

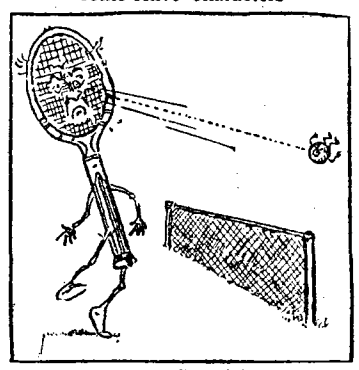
No, indeed, you did not!

That's a pity, for I just came round to borrow it again.

WHEN are soldiers stronger than elephants?

When they carry a fortress.

Come-Alive Characters



Served Him Right

"YOU need a rest," the pert Ball sneered,
"Your play is losing tone;
If you will take a friend's advice
You'll leave the game alone."
The Tennis Racquet scorned with words
To answer this attack;
He simply made a forward step
And gave the Ball a smack!

A Rare Plant

SO I hear you are a great-grandfather now, John. And you're looking as young as ever!

Yes, Miss, thank you kindly, Miss, and they tell me I'll soon be an octogeranium!

A Question of Degree

"DO you think you could learn to care for a man like me?" asked the lovesick youth.

"Oh, yes, I think so," came the answer, "if he was not too much like you!"

WHAT fish do birds like?

A perch.

Six Chinese Proverbs

THOSE who cannot sometimes be deaf are unfit to rule.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

By nature all men are alike, but by education widely different.

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

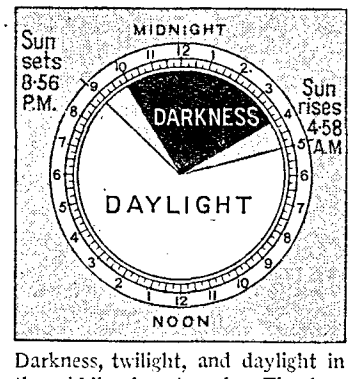
One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

What Am I?

IN spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array,
But in summer more clothing I wear;
When colder it grows
I pull off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

The Shoemaker

A MAN made shoes, but not of leather—
All the four elements mixed together:
Fire, water, earth and air;
Every customer took two pair.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Flower Am I? Wild tulip.

A Picture Puzzle

The objects were catapult, button, doll, snail, hoe; from which we make the words spoon, plate, table.

Changeling

Boat, boar, soar, soak, sock, dock.

An Enigma. Tomorrow.

The Broken Proverb

Necessity is the mother of invention.

A Charade In-voice.

Who Was He? The Great Letter-Writer was Pliny the Younger.

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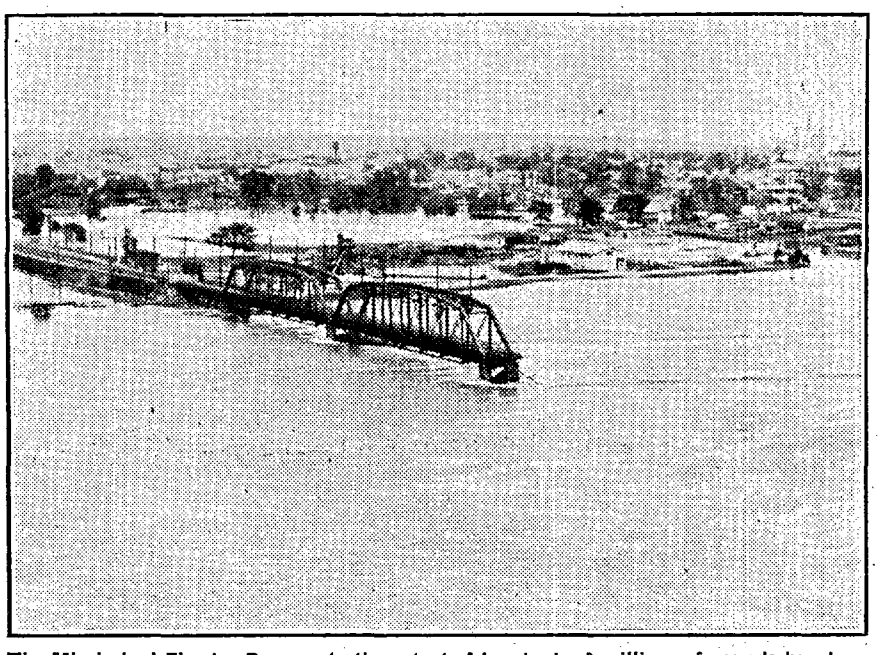
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 21, 1927 — Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

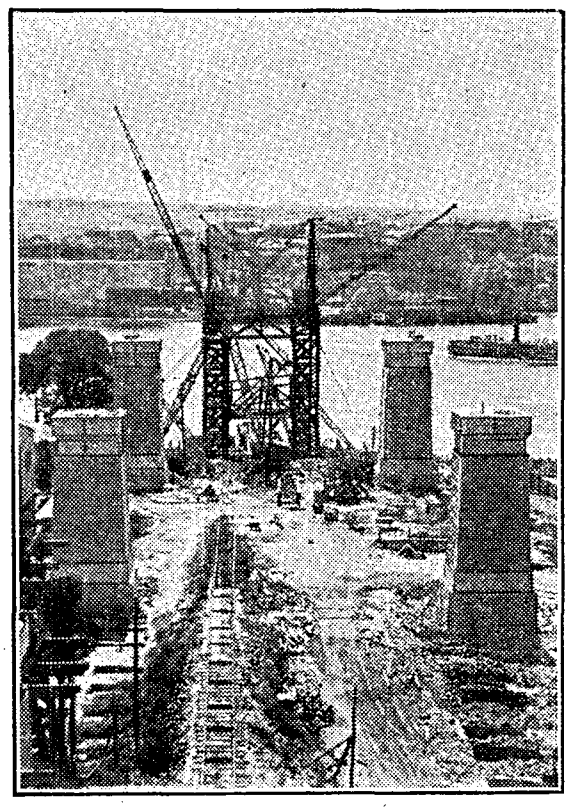
MISSISSIPPI FLOODS · BUILDING SYDNEY BRIDGE · AIRMAN'S WHIRLIGIG



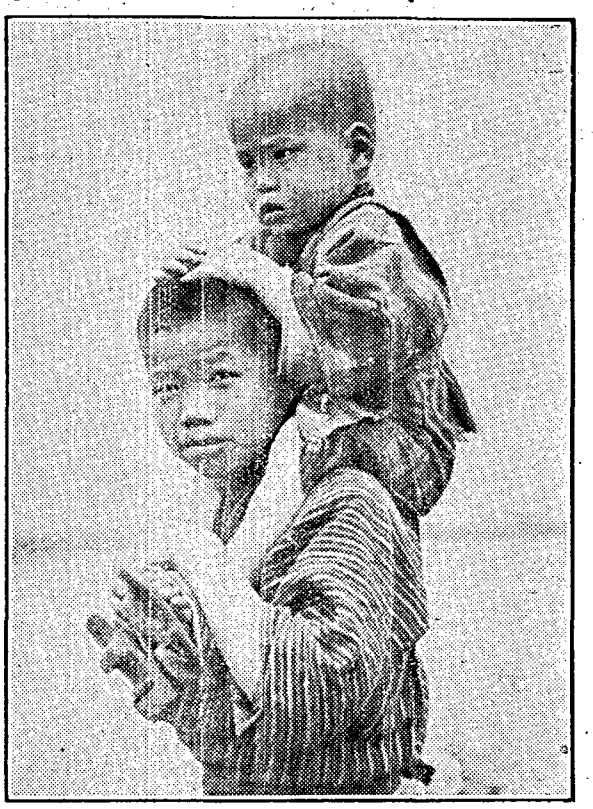
The Mississippi Floods—Damage to the extent of hundreds of millions of pounds has been done by the floods which are devastating the Mississippi valley. This picture shows the town of Little Rock, in Arkansas, with part of the railway bridge swept away by the river



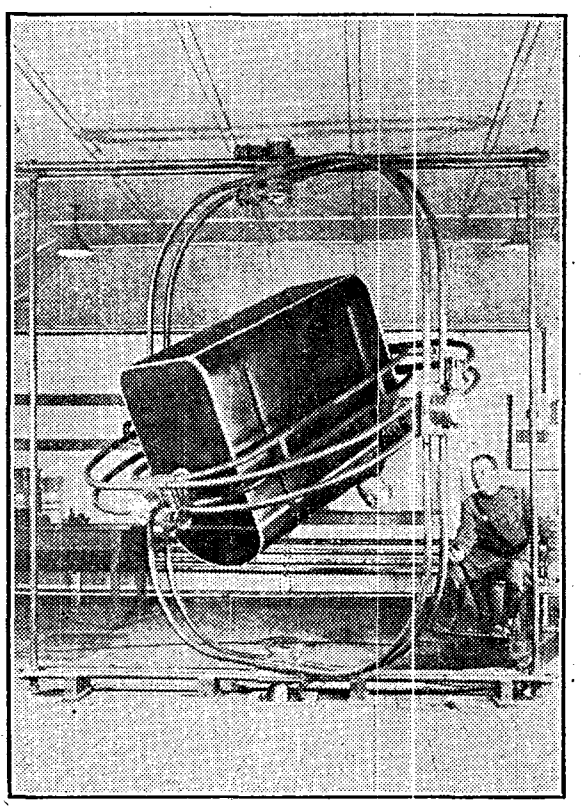
A Town Under Water—There have been many breaks in the embankments that line the Mississippi, and hundreds of thousands of people have had their homes swept away or ruined by the swollen river. Here we see the effect of the floods in Columbus, Kentucky



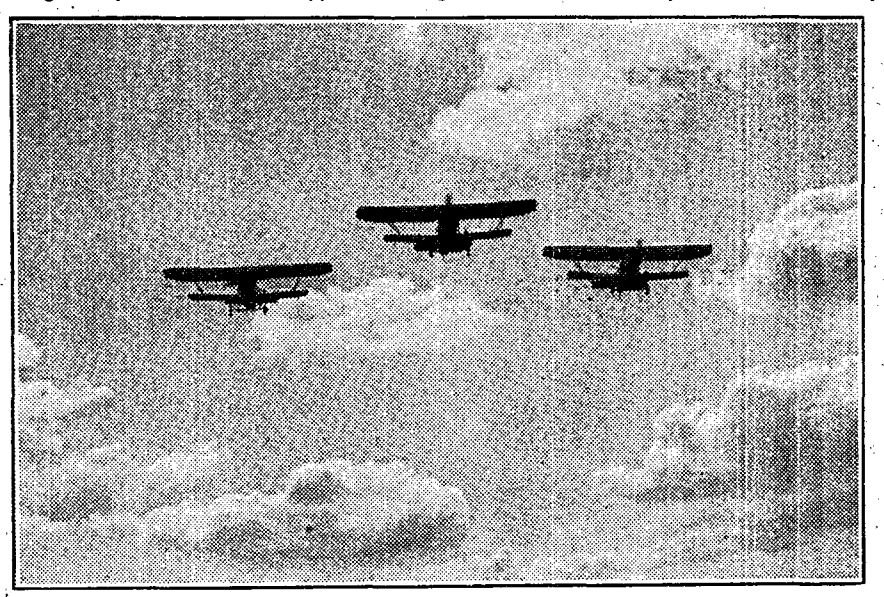
Sydney Harbour Bridge—Work is now in full swing on the great bridge which is to cross Sydney Harbour. Here we see the granite piers which are to support the bridge on one side



A Ride Through the Ricefields—While Japanese women are working in the ricefields the big children take care of the younger ones, and here we see a boy giving his little brother a ride



Machine to Test Pilots—American flying-men have to pass tests in this machine, which whirls them round at every possible angle to prove whether they are subject to dizziness



Flying in Formation—A competition for airmen was held recently at Northolt in which formation flying was one of the events. Here we see the winning machines in flight



Summer is Coming In—These girls in a Luton hat factory are carrying Panama hats in an early stage of manufacture. It is expected that there will be a large demand for these hats

THE SILKEN THREAD FROM CHINA—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

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